# SPOCKANALIA

## 4

This issue is dedicated to the Lizard Leader,

Rick Carter,

for a sense of humor above and beyond the call of duty.

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Logic? What's logic?

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# Star Trek

## September, 1966 — April, 1969

Star Trek, possessed of the greatest life tenacity of any show TV has ever known, has finally been slain by a network unable to accept the frightening concept of an audience with a voice. Bled of its audience by a deadly time slot, strangled by the dishonesty of the Nielsens, and slowly poisoned by the dishonorable policies of the network, even the power of the million-plus viewers who took the trouble to write letters and sign petitions has finally failed.

Failed in its primary purpose only. Star Trek has had a profound effect on many lives, those of your editors among them. Hopefully, it has somewhat dented the hardened network policies as well. It has given us three years of pleasure and excitement, and it has given us to know the names of Roddenberry, Nimoy, Shatner, Kelley, Fontana, Theiss, Jefferies,... names loved and beyond listing in any fullness.

Star Trek is dead. Long live its people.

— Sherrea M. (Comerford) Burley

ABOUT THAT DIRTY ARTICLE ON PAGE _____ We've been told that a couple of the items in SPOCKANALIA 3 are embarrassing, dirty, or downright trashy. If we've embarrassed you, we are sincerely sorry.

The recurrence of the theme of sex isn't surprising. Sex is a recurrent theme of life.

The recurrence of the theme of sex involving Spock is also unsurprising. We STAR TREK femmefans find him attractive and highly masculine. Some of us are articulate, and the result is predictable (and even logical.)

If anyone is seriously concerned...psychiatrists regard such feelings as perfectly normal (if they are non-obsessive) and artistic endeavour as a healthy outlet.

Perhaps some of our readers are too accustomed to the tradition, in popular literature, of the male protagonist being aroused by the presence of attractive women. When they find that women write it the other way around, they find it strange.

We, the editors of SPOCKANALIA, try our best to print only material which we consider well-written, interesting to <u>us</u>, and written within our format. We do not choose to limit ourselves by eliminating one effective segment of our submissions.

SHE DIDN'T REALLY SAY THAT: There were at least three typos in Dorothy Jones' article on the Vulcan language in our lastish. Sorry, Dorothy. The following communication from her points out the errors.

Dorothy Jones writes:

Here are your corrigenda.

Page 20 - should be "the masculine and feminine prefixes /s/- and /t/-" -- the apostrophe is a spelling convention and has no phonemic reality.

Page 22 - /šarek an/ 'foolishness'
/mo ši lat/ 'has just sung'
/ša toran/ '(he) is a leader'

As you can see, it's mostly a question of a couple hacheks (those are those little wedges) left out.

The most important error was leaving the hachek off /šarek an/. There is a difference between šarek and Sarek! I'm

rather pleased with that pun because nobody intended it that way. Dorothy Fontana invented the name and I invented the term for a particular kind of illogic quite independently. I repeat, there is a difference (have I ever made it clear, it suddenly hits me, that š = sh and č = ch? Well, they do) between the two. Though I'm sure that when Sarek returned home with a Terran bride they called him Ambassador Sharek behind his back, if not to his face.

šarek means not using your head at all. Other kinds of illogic are: hura, which is jumping to conclusions, zač, something which is illogical but nonetheless true, and gor, which is a mistake in reasoning.

Prosper,
Dorothy

TRANSPORT BLUES

"ENERGIZE"

WHERE NEXT? The time is coming when STAR TREK will no longer be able to sustain the fannish activity which it has inspired. The show has ceased production, and syndicated repeats are not enough. Soon, each ST fan must decide whether to remain a fan, and what his energies will be turned to next. We, the editors, are active fans, beyond our involvement with STAR TREK. SPOCKANALIA was our first publishing effort, and we

think it's good enough to try to save.

As long as STAR TREK material continues to arrive in sufficient quantity and quality, we will continue as we have. We expect to be able to publish a #5, and possibly even a #6, in this way.

At the end of this time, Devra has decided that she will leave the fanzine. I, Sherna, will attempt to continue it (under a new name, as yet unchosen) with an expanded format. It will become a general secondary universe fanzine, accepting any well-written material and art on any secondary universe of interest to me. (And I can become interested in quite a number of things.) Some examples in mind for the future: Tolkien, the Foundation universe, Perth (of Ann McCaffrey's DRAGONRIDER), Georgette Heyer, Superman, the Jurgen series, and anything else of fannish or fringefannish interest. As long as I enjoy it. (I am much more interested in articles than in fiction.)

BUT BUT BUT...I will give first consideration always to articles where the universe written about is the "real" one. This is a vital part of SPOCKANALIA's character.

I cannot promise that there will ever be a "new" SPOCKANALIA, because I couldn't possibly do alone what Devra and I were barely able to do together. There must be someone with whom to share opinions, decisions, ideas, differences... the whole fascinating, growing experience of editing a 'zine as ambitious as this. There must be someone to put in the hours of work that Devra handled - including all the typing and mailing. Brian and I lead very busy lives, and we could not do it all.

But if I can find someone who can put up with me (and vice versa!) as a co-editor of such a 'zine, and if I can find some dependable person (or people) to share the labor, the 'zine will continue. And, friends, I am not too bright, sometimes. If you have any serious suggestions or offers, do please make them. Accepted or not, I will appreciate you for them.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Once again we would like to thank our relatives, who have nobly endured the throes of publication. Our thanks go to all those who furnished us with graffiti, and especially to Jane Peyton, Beth Moore, L. L., Kathy Surgenor, Shirley Meech, Michelle Malkin, Rosalind Oberdieck, Naomi Love, T'Anresh, Rusty Hancock, Nancy Giudice. We also wish to thank Andy Porter

for very kindly donating a number of pictures from his art file. We thank Al Jacoby for his kindness to us when we visited the studio, and, of course, the Lizard Leader, for showing us All. We thank Fred Lerner for taking delivery of 125 reams of mimeo paper, and storing them in his garage until we could pick them up. We are grateful to Devra's father, Jacob L. Langsam, for his birthday present of the typer upon which thish was bashed out. Devra is grateful to Debbie Langsam and Maureen Bourns for nobly reading four different drafts of her story.

Also, we would like to thank our generous contributors, who once again have forced us to hold back good material because we got too much for anything less than a two hundred page fanzine.

Leila's Poem

by

Andra Robbins

The sun is as warm and sweet as milk.
And we've been here so long
Beloved.
Tomorrow I will be white where your arms are;
Dark, the rest of my body -
Dark as you are, dark as the earth:
Sun-soaked soft earth.

You have loved me as the sun loves the earth,
Soaking
Summer into all my veins.
Oh stretch -
Grow -
Now my hair is grass, thick green grass
Now all of my fingers
Blossom
Into flowers.

# LETTERCOL

((Editor's note: We don't usually publish letters from our readers. However, we want to make an exception, and share this letter from Connie Reich. Concerning Jane Peyton's "Lament for the Unsung Dead" Connie wrote, "'Lament' keeps sitting on my mind and pinching it. It moved me so far as to illo it in an attempt to express it and so to get it out of my mind so I can think of more important things....""))

# TIME BANDITS

by Lelamarie S. Kreidler

/The time of this story is the future indefinite. The girl involved is, like Spock, a Terran-Vulcan hybrid, although her mother was of Vulcan and her father was a former Star Fleet officer living on Vulcan. To indicate communication from mind to mind, which is common among Vulcans, I have used the slash symbols instead of quotation marks. Thus, //.../, instead of "...", to show that the dialogue is not spoken aloud. L.S.K./

They made love for the last time and lay contentedly in each other's arms afterward. This was perhaps the last that Spock would see of her, although the Vulcan race was long-lived and it was within the realm of possibility that they would meet again.

In the morning, she would no longer be Lt. Commander Lian Jamison of the U.S.S. Enterprise, but Councilwoman T'Lian of Vulcan, leaving the starship for the long journey back to Vulcan where she would take the chair of her deceased maternal grandmother on the High Council.

There were no regrets for what was ending between them; the pon farr had finished with Spock and it would not recur for a long time now. They had both enjoyed the relationship.

As he cradled the sleeping girl in his arms, listening to the rush of her breath past his ear, Spock thought back to how it had all begun....

"On our next mission, gentlemen," said James Kirk to the

MAC

assembled officers and department heads, "hangs the fate of several planets in this sector. The Klingons are stirring up the inhabitants of the Epenite system, trying to provoke them into striking against the nearby Federation planets. Starfleet believes that the Klingons are testing our reflexes, so to speak; trying for a weak spot.

"Miss Jamison, will you fill us in on the Epenite system?"

At the far end of the table, the blonde, half-human, half-Vulcan Chief Officer of Alien Research nodded. "Mr. Spock, may I have tape AR 325-1?"

The Vulcan's fingers moved over the computer console at his side and a star map filled the screen in the center of the table.

"Mr. Spock, tape AR 325-1; this is -2."

Kirk frowned as he saw Dr. McCoy's head turn sharply in Spock's direction. It was not like the First Officer to make such a mistake.

"Of course, Commander. It was my error." The Vulcan's voice held a slightly rough edge. This time the screen showed the correct area.

Three planets huddled closely around their aging primary. "This is the Epenite system, home of a still-pwerful race of warriors. In a few thousand years, their sun will have used up all its hydrogen and will begin to expand, on its way to becoming a red giant. The race has refused to be moved and they are dying. But even a dying tiger can be dangerous and it is for this reason that the Klingon provocations must be stopped."

The meeting broke up and, as Kirk and McCoy entered the turbo-lift, Kirk remarked, "You know, Bones, that's the second time today that Spock's done something incorrectly. He fouled up a course computation this morning and had us on course to Antares before anyone realized what was wrong."

"That's not all, Jim. It has been four days since Spock ate any solid food. The man's been runnin' on nervous energy and fruit juice, at least so the mess orderly told me this mornin when I didn't see Spock in the dining room."

"Bones! You don't think....?"

"I'm almost positive, Jim. His Vulcan metabolism is catching up with him again. What was it they call it?"

"P...<u>pon farr</u>." The unfamiliar word stumbled off Kirk's tongue. "The time of mating."

"Jim! We don't dare turn back to Vulcan now! Not on this mission! Starfleet would have the hide of every officer on board if anything happens to even one Federation planet."

"I know, I know. Maybe it won't be so severe an attack this time. Maybe he can fight it off. Maybe...."

"Maybe," said McCoy as the bridge doors snapped open, "he'll die!"

Spock almost wished he were dead. He could feel the tension building in his body. The nervous exhaustion, the aversion to food, the irritability with even the slightest fault were all familiar symptoms to him. He knew what they meant, and hoped that no one else recalled that other time, the time when T'Pring had rejected him, when he thought he had killed Kirk during the ritual of the kal-if-fee. He could not allow himself to show this.... "I must control myself. I cannot...I must not...I will not ...give in. The mind rules...I will make this pass. I will not...submit to my emotions...logic is all....I will...not ...." But even the words of the mind-controlling formula he had known since childhood brought no comfort, no easing of the tension.

It was not the picture of T'Pring that rose now in mind-teasing frequency, nor was it the picture of Christine Chapel, the Terran nurse who loved him so desperately, but the image of the golden-haired Alien Research Officer.

Rescued by the Enterprise from shipwreck, she had been assigned to the starship. A hundred, no, perhaps a thousand times a day he found himself picturing the way she walked, the curve of her ears, the sparkle of her sea-grey eyes.... "No!" Spock rose and paced savagely around his quarters. Waking was torment but sleep was agony, for he could control his conscious actions but not his dreams. Increasingly they had disturbed him. And increasingly she appeared in them. It was with relief that he pulled on his shirt and went to the bridge.

"Mr. Spock, when is our next course change due?" asked Sulu, seeing that the Captain was occupied with a communications problem.

"In four hours and seventeen minutes, Lieutenant."

"In what direction, Mr. Spock?" The communication tie-up having been solved, Kirk resumed his seat in the command chair.

"One one eight, mark eleven."

Kirk looked up in alarm. That was fourteen degrees off the correct change. If no one else had noticed...but no, Sulu was regarding the Science Officer strangely, too. Kirk went to Spock's station. "Mr. Spock," he asked in a low voice, "are you all right?"

Spock faced Kirk, his eyes narrowed, hands clenched along the seams of his trousers. "I...I don't know what you mean."

"I think you do."

Tensely Spock thought to himself, "He knows. He knows!" And the answer he was going to make died in his throat.

"I...have not been sleeping well, Captain."

"Perhaps you'd like to go to your quarters and rest. I'll have you called if anything important comes up."

The Vulcan rose slowly. "Thank you, Jim."

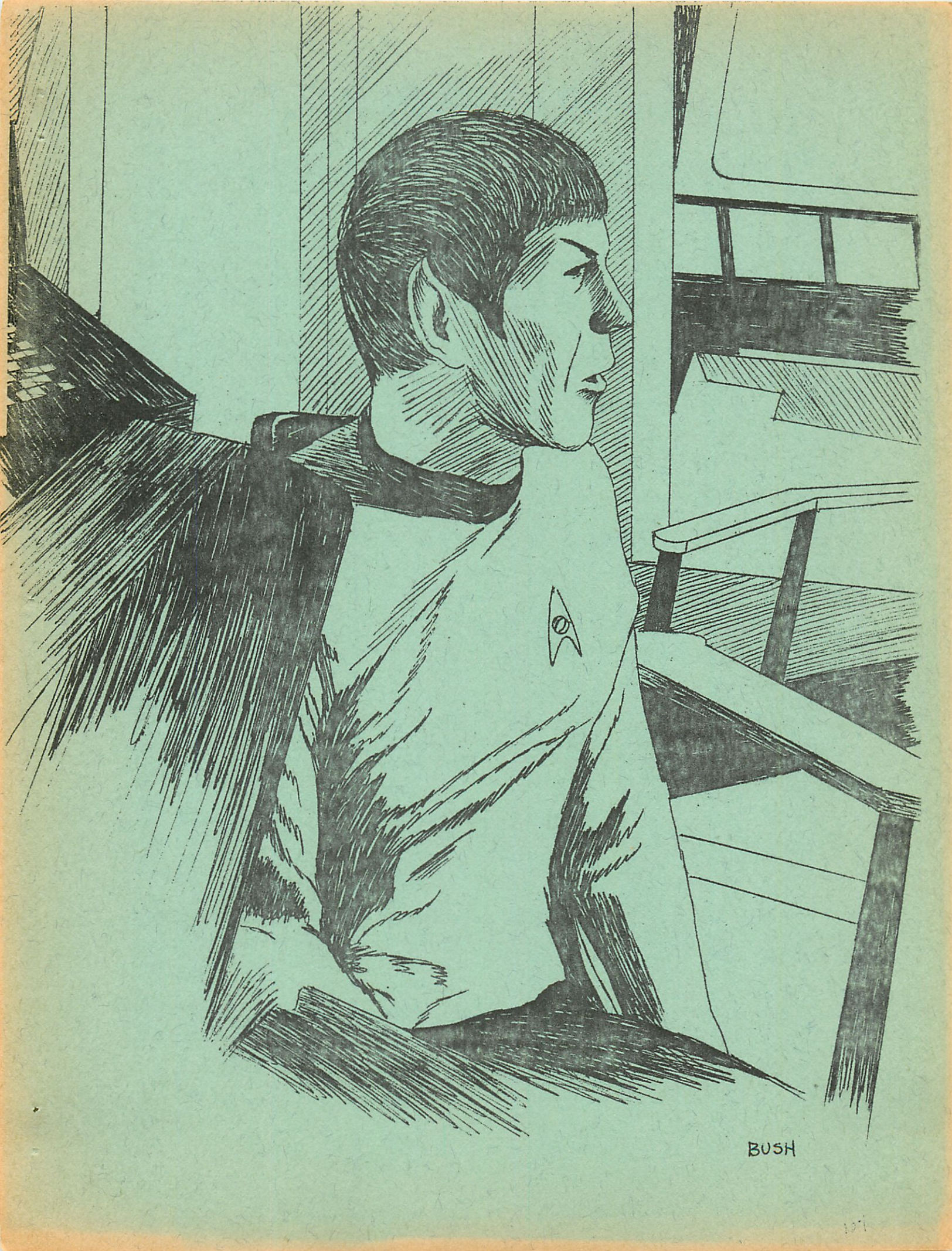
Kirk nodded McCoy after him as the lift doors closed.

Spock stepped out of the turbo-lift, every nerve end in his body yammering. He did not hear the doors open behind him, nor did he hear McCoy's quiet tread following him.

He fixed his eyes on the door of his cabin, conscious only of a great determination to reach his quarters without incident. But then the corridor, the passing people, the whole ship, in fact, the entire universe ceased to exist. From the crossing corridor, Lt. Commander Jamison had emerged, head down, reading a report. The pon-farr, the mating fever of his people, roared through his veins, blinding and deafening him to all but her. She is a woman, screamed the nerves in his brain...a Vulcan woman...she would understand...the torment...the fire along his limbs...she would help...she is a woman.

He must have spoken although he could not recall having done so, for she stopped and looked up. "Mr. Spock! What is wrong?"

Shakily, he touched her hand, the urgency of this time flowing across the physical contact, even while a part of him


BUSH

was shocked that he would reveal so much to a stranger.

//Come.//

Without a word, without even noticing McCoy who stood in stunned silence ten feet away, she turned and followed him.

The scent of Vulcan incense filled the air as Spock turned and rested his hands on her shoulders, staring at her mournfully yet passionately. She could feel the fever that burned in him as she touched one long-fingered hand. "Spock...."

"There is no time for speech." He caressed her clumsily, then with trembling hands he unfastened the shoulder of her uniform tunic. "I shall try to be gentle...but there is so little time..." he stroked her cheeks and mouth, "...so very little time." His fingers trailed down her throat, then across her bared shoulder and one hand pressed her close to him. His body was shaking with the wild beating of his heart.

"T'Lian, Lian, I do not wish to harm...but I cannot help myself.." He traced the curves of her arched ears. "This instinct is so strong...there is no stopping...Lian!"

"You are a Vulcan...be proud of that...." Her voice was uneven. "I burn as you do."

There was a moment of almost painfully heightened sensation as their minds met, joined, then he carried her to his bed.

"Jim, I tell you that she's still in there. I stood in that hall for two solid hours and when I left, she <u>still</u> had not set foot outside that door. Now you know as well as I do what's happening."

"Yes, Bones, I do. But you've said that Spock would die if he didn't take a mate, right?"

"Of course. The physiological pressures will kill him."

"Then I'd rather have him sleeping with the head of Alien Research than dead in the ship's morgue. The matter is closed. It's Spock's affair."

She slept beside him, head pillowed on one arm. Spock could not sleep. Not yet.

Most of the tension had been drained from him, but the fever ran a long course.

Gently he stroked her bare arm, smoothing the fine golden hair. One chance out of four she had had to be blonde like her Scandinavian father instead of dark like her mother and the rest of the Vulcan race. And genetics had given her a pleasing golden color except where her blood ran close to the skin. There she was like green-burnished gold. It was pleasant to see.

She herself was very pleasing to Spock. When inexperience and the need to ease the terrible pressures inside him made his lovemaking violent and savage, she had matched passion with passion and then tempered hers with understanding.

She no longer seemed a stranger. But then that was the purpose of Vulcan's pon farr: to unite a man and woman so completely that each knew and understood the other as well as they understood and knew themselves.

Spock stirred, conscious of an unfamiliar aching low in his back. He made a mental note to check the mattress in the morning.

Lian's eyes flickered open to the instant consciousness of their desert-bred race. //Is it well with you, Spock?//

//Yes...except...//

//You have some pain?//

//In an unusual place.//

//Here?// She slipped one arm around him and pressed close, massaging the aching area. His eyes half closed. //And otherwise?//

//I am content...but not yet sated. The pon-farr... flickers and burns still.... I hunger for you. It is most... un-Vulcan. And I am at a loss to explain it.// He smiled, then laughed, //But I seem to enjoy it.//

She ran an exploratory finger up his spine, passing lightly over the welts her nails had left.

He caressed her slowly then and there was no longer anything hesitant about his actions. Spock was as certain of her response as of his own.

This time their loving was no less fierce than before, but the sense of driving urgency was gone. The stress had been relieved and there was time to feel, time to explore, to understand, time to enjoy their mutual strength and to be finally, not two Vulcans, logical and controlled, not a sci-

ence officer and an alienist, but simply a man and woman who loved each other and took great delight in it.

The following morning, as she prepared to return to duty, Spock came to her door.

"Come in," she called.

As the door closed, he embraced her tenderly. "I am proud that you are mine. Tonight you will come to me."

"Your word is my law, according to the customs of our people."

"Until tonight." He kissed her, a kiss that held not gratitude, but a rembrance of things past and a promise of things to come.

"Mr. Spock!" Kirk and McCoy were equally surprised to see the Science Officer on the bridge.

"Yes, Captain?" Spock's eyebrows rose in inquiry.

"I...I thought...ah...that...you...." Kirk recovered from his confusion and followed the Vulcan to his station. "You're looking well this morning."

Spock bent over the sensor screen. "Thank you, sir. I feel quite refreshed after yesterday's rest."

"I suppose...ah...you're sleeping better?" McCoy, behind Kirk, snorted to keep from breaking outright into laughter.

Spock's smoothly controlled voice and his innocent expression revealed nothing as he straightened. "Yes, thank you, sir. My accomodations are quite comfortable." The Vulcan knew that Kirk was aware of his relationship with Lian Jamison and was enjoying the verbal fencing. The rest of the bridge crew was trying to listen unobtrusively to a very puzzling conversation about the First Officer's health.

"There's an old Earth saying, Mr. Spock, about discretion being the better part of something or other."

"Indeed, Captain? I always endeavor to be discrete."

"Even when you're asleep, Spock?" McCoy's eyes were twinkling.

"Whenever possible, Doctor. The Vulcans are a very prudent people."

"Mr. Spock, you're not going to admit that...."

"Admit what, Captain?" Spock's bland expression defied any further questioning. "I fail to see that...." Spock shifted uneasily.

"Are you in pain, Spock?" inquired McCoy as the Science Officer rubbed the small of his back.

"No, thank you for your concern, doctor; it is only a minor muscular strain."

"Oh, brother!" McCoy gagged again and left the bridge, shoulders shaking with laughter. Kirk bit the inside of his cheek and resumed his place in the command chair. "Since you are here, Mr. Spock, how soon will we arrive in the Epenite system at this speed?"

"Five days, Captain."

During the five days, discretion was indeed the watchword for the two Vulcans. Throughout the ship's "day," they ignored each other as they had done before, but their nights were spent together.

However, every now and then, much to Spock's distress, McCoy would pass him in the hall or on the bridge and chortle "muscular strain" as he went by.

As they entered the Epenite system, a small craft began the outward spiral from the inner planet to meet them. It did not appear hostile, and, at any rate, was too far away to do any damage. The Enterprise increased speed to meet it.

The expected rendezvous with the Epenite ship brought more than one unexpected result to the Enterprise. Almost as soon as they were within subspace radio range, the alien captain requested a meeting with Captain Kirk.

Since the Epenite system had an atmosphere inimical to human life, the conference was held by ship-to-ship communication. Kirk and his chief officers, including Lt. Commander Jamison, faced the main viewing screen as it cleared and showed the Epenite commander backed by a similar semi-circle of his officers.

They were tall, biped, avian types, feather-crested . Jamison's hand cautiously sought Spock's wrist. //The feather crest indicates their emotions; half-raised like that is normal; flat against the head is distaste; and fully-raised -- we're in for a bad time. They do not think much of women or

weaklings.// She broke the mental contact as Spock moved behind Kirk to whisper unobtrusively the information he had just received.

Unrelated twittering came across the speaker, then resolved into words as the universal translator cut in, "... no desire to harm the people of your united worlds. We know that they who are not at war with you, but are not your friends have been attempting to bring that conflict which we do not desire to us. We have detected their vessel and it has been eliminated. They will trouble our tranquility no longer.

"We are a dying race, humans, and we wish only to be left in peace. A few thousand of your years is a very short time to us and we will to spend them in contemplation."

Kirk cleared his throat, "And we wish only to see that you are left in peace. To demonstrate this, we will return the way that we came. Farewell."

One of the aliens leaned toward his commander, his blue crest flashing in the light.

"One moment, people of the Federation."

Kirk had been about to signal the closing of communication, but paused. "There is something further?"

"The people of the Vulcan system have often been friends to our race, and for this we return a favor. You have aboard your ship a worthless female of that race called T'Lian?"

Kirk started to turn toward Jamison, but she hissed at him, "Do not look at me, Captain, to them I am beneath your notice. Ask Mr. Spock."

"Mr. Spock?"

"Yes, she is here."

"You of the Vulcan race who speak, you are her owner?" The Epenite ship master leaned forward on his perch.

Spock stepped up near Kirk. "I am Spock of Vulcan, son of Sarek, master of the female."

"I salute you and your esteemed father, Vulcan. However, your race has many strange customs, among them letting your women have voice in the government. At any rate..." The alien commander fluffed his neck ruff. "She who was called ...the word is difficult in my tongue...T'Pau...is dead. She who is your chattel has been called to take her place since she is daughter to the daughter of T'Pau.

"We had been asked to deliver a message. We have done so. Farewell." The screen snapped off suddenly.

"Sensors show their ship is moving back into their solar system, Captain," reported Lt. Uhura.

Kirk turned and slammed his fist on the briefing room table. "Commander, you don't have to do this!"

"But I must, Captain Kirk. It is the only logical thing for me to do." Jamison stood with her hands clasped behind her, so much an image of Spock who stood, arms folded, near the door that Kirk would have sworn they were related.

"I don't like to bring this up," Kirk turned toward Spock in apology, "but I must." The Science Officer nodded his understanding. "What about Spock if you leave? Does he die from...from this...."

"No, Captain. I will not die...now. The pon farr is waning; in another day or so, the relationship would have been ended...by us. All will be as it was."

"And what about the next time? And the time after that? Will you go through this again?"

Spock stared at Kirk for a moment, choosing his words. "Not within a short period of time, Captain."

"But it will recur."

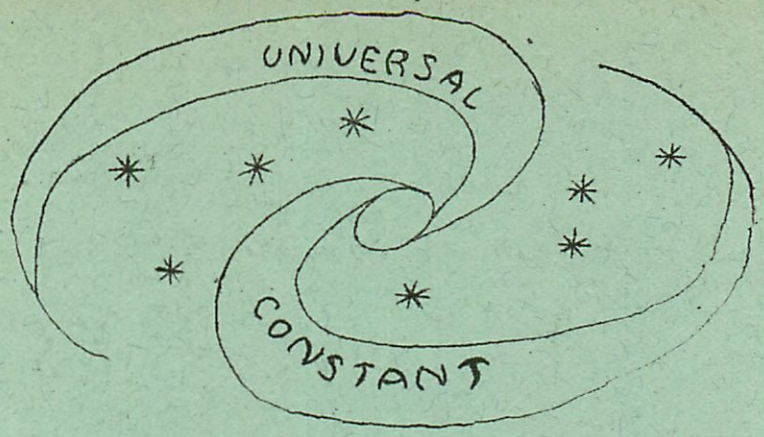
"Yes. It will recur."

"Captain, there can be no changing of the mind. I am still a citizen of Vulcan; I cannot refuse my duty. When a member of the High Council dies, the nearest relative, male or female, who is suited for the post is nominated. Acceptance by the Council of the nomination is equivalent to election. This is something that I dare not deny.

"I am resigning my commission, effective on the acceptance of the resignation by Starfleet Command. Mr. Spock has told me that a space liner will pass us in two days. The paper work can be finished by then. This is my final word." Jamison sat down and placed her folded hands on the table top. Kirk, through experience with Spock, knew that nothing he could say or do would persuade her to revoke the decision.

"Very well, Commander. I shall submit your resignation."

Two nights later, they made love for the last time; there were no regrets for what was ending between them.




The small form trembles with excitement,
But I demand still the formal bow,
The ceremonial greeting before entering the house.
Unpracticed lips hurry over the ancient syllables,
Halting and stumbling, slurring and stammering.
I would laugh if custom permitted,
But his attempts are so earnest,
And praise is always due a well-meant try.
What matter if another's seed sparked his life?
The young eyes staring up at mine see only me.
I am the man he will become,
And if I shape his mind, then it can be truly said
That I gave him life.

# The Free Enterprise

by Sundry

From the files of Lieutenants Robin Shuster and Randy Cowan. For additional copies, see Library Computer, code name EASTER BUNNY.

As is the policy of this newstape at this happy time of year (at least we think it's this time of year; the snow's a little late) we have compiled our Annual Chirstmas List to prominent members of our crew.

Dr. McCoy - To you we present THE LAST WORD, knowing it will be used frequently in conversation with a certain, unnamed member of Bridge Hierarchy.

Lt. Uhura - We present to you an indestructible tape loop saying "Hailing frequencies open, sir."

Ensign Chekov - Our gift is a LARGER THAN LIFE ~~SWELL~~ BLOWUP OF YOUR HEAD AGAINST A MAP OF THE SOVIET UNION. (No, Chekov, Russia does not extend into South America.) Engraved on the above in gold: PAVEL - I LOVE YOU - CHEKOV.

Lt. Sulu - Our Japanese D'Artagnan, we gladly give you A RUBBER SWORD.

Lt. Cmdr. Scott - Your gift is a MOTORIZED FRISBEE with simple, easy-to-follow instructions included.
Bonus Gift - ENGLISH, IN TEN EASY LESSONS. (Needed, a volunteer /suicide pay/ to deliver said book.)

Transporter Chief Kyle - For you, our unsung hero, we hereby offer A PIECE OF THE ACTION. For those of you unfamiliar with this man, he is the one responsible for that flawlessly run device, our transporter. Anyone wishing to congratulate T.C. Kyle can reach him aboard the USS Yorktown; we have just received word of his sudden transfer.

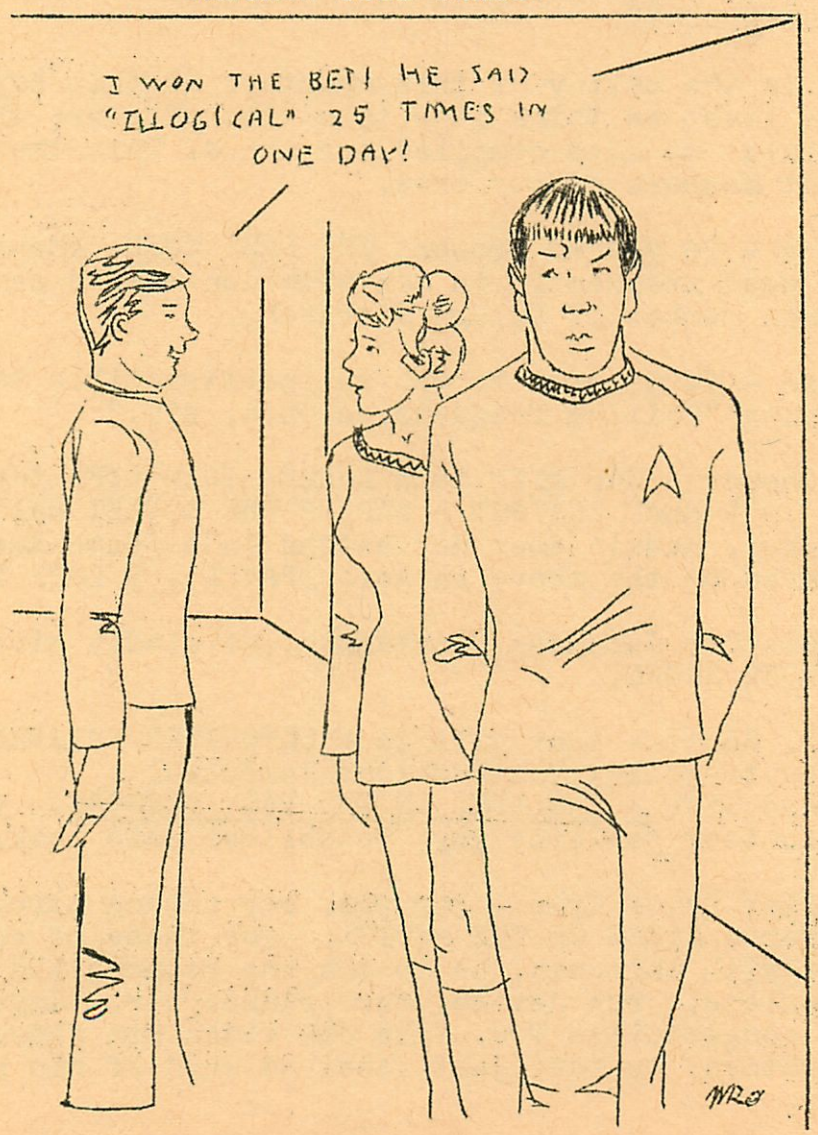
Nurse Chapel - We present to you, a long suffering heroine, your dream - MR. SPOCK. (Note to computer on Deck Eleven - Better luck next year! Have a handkerchief to wipe your tapes.)

Mr. Spock - Here's two GREEN EXCEDRIN FOR THE MORNING AFTER. For the night before, see Nurse Chapel. As a consolation prize - a REAL, LIVE COCKROACH WITH WHOM YOU MAY ESTABLISH DIPLOMATIC COMMUNICATION.

Our Intrepid Captain James T. Kirk (T. stands for Tomcat) - We present to you a GOLD CROWN AND SCEPTER PLUS TWO HUNDRED GORGEOUS, BUT VACUOUS, YEOWOMEN. (All right girls, the lines start on the right!)

Finally, the Enterprise, our beloved ship, without whom we'd never be able to get into such catastrophic situations, and thereby save the Universe - We present to you a GALLON OF SUPERSHELL!

SANTA CLAUS IS ALIVE AND WELL AND WHOOPING IT UP ON OMICRON CETI THREE!



# THE MULTIPLE-CHOICE-INSTANT-LETTER-TO-HOME

by Claudia Jane Peyton

((Editor's note: It has been brought to our attention that certain of the official staff of this vessel are getting lax in writing to their poor worried relatives. In keeping with our continuing policy of public service, this article is dedicated to simplifying the problem as much as possible.))

The FREE ENTERPRISE proudly presents:

The Multiple-Choice-Instant-Letter-to-Home

There are several forms of this letter. The first we present is one to Momma Kirk.

Dear Mom,

1) We are having _____.

a. a mutiny.
b. a rash of burglaries . . . are you <u>positive</u> that Uncle Harold is still in stir?
c. a nightly striptease by volunteer crewwomen in Rec Room 3.

2) Today, we _____.

a. spent quite a time on Theros XXXX . . . we discovered that the atmosphere, food, water, and inhabitants are highly poisonous . . . AFTER we beamed down.
b. recuperated from watching the dancing girls on Raunchos IV last night.
c. encounterd another parallel planet and 99% of the crew came down with acute nausea.

3) Yesterday, _____.

a. Spock and McCoy had another argument, an unusual facet of which was the way it ended: we think McCoy's neck is broken (and he's as mad as a Regulan flimtop when he's in traction.)
b. four air ducts were flooded with high-test go-flyer fuel, and the crew stayed drunk from the fumes for 34 hours.

c. this big rock hit the top of the ship . . . could that be why the air's seemed a bit thin lately?

4) I have had a few problems lately, for instance _____.

a. no one is volunteering for the show in Rec Room 3.
b. we just ran across Mr. Spock's grandfather, and he can do more push-ups than I can, too.
c. we encountered a weird virus last week, and ever since, a large number of crewmen have been having periodic spells of turning green and purple (checkerboard) and running down the corridors screaming Mother Goose rhymes. ((If you think that isn't irritating... Editor's note.))

And a little note to Sarek and Amanda:

Parents:

1) I am _____.

a. having another you-know-what seizure.
b. pleased that neither of you have beamed aboard lately.
c. having difficulty restraining the urge to tear this document to shreds.

2) In my capacity as Science Officer this past month, I have had occasion to _____.

a. blow the planet scan of Theros XXXX.
b. test the tensile strength of Dr. McCoy's neck (it was not so flexible as I had assumed.)
c. repair a computer system using only chewing gum and the dregs of Mr. Riley's airplane glue to cement in the make-shift printed-circuits that I ran off on the FREE ENTERPRISE press.

3) I have not written for the past several weeks because_____.

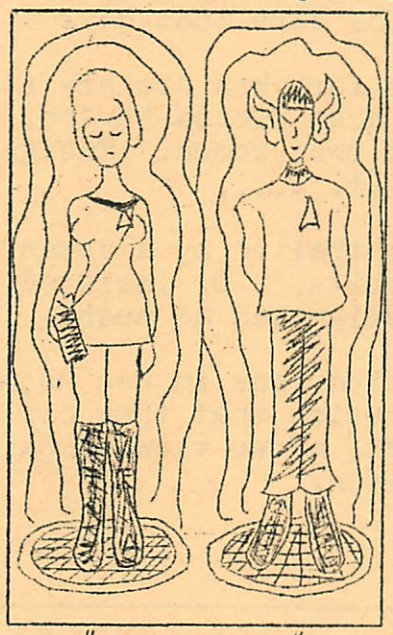
a. Dr. McCoy kept my crayons longer than he had promised.
b. there have been a series of fascinating programs in Rec Room 3.
c. we encountered Grandfather Stilgar and much time was consumed convincing Captain Kirk that 3000 push-ups is not an unusual number for a Vulcan of Stilgar's age.
d. I am the only one definitely immune to the green and purple checkerboard virus and have been chasing verse-spouting crewmen all over the ship during my off-duty hours.

4) The last time we beamed down, I _____.

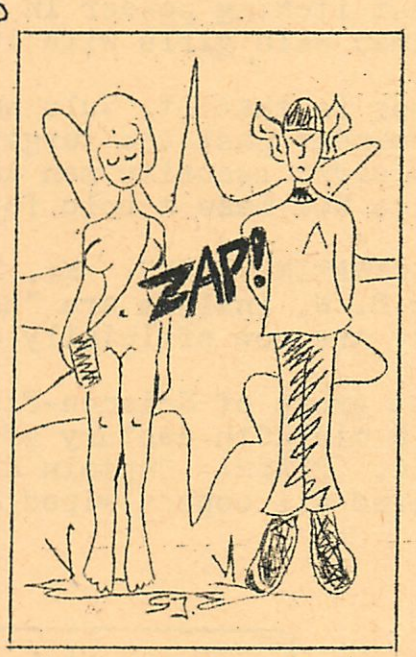
a. was struck by lightning.
b. picked up an exploding rock.
c. ran into a hidden force shield.
d. was half-killed by a dart-shooting flower and then further incapacitated by one of McCoy's potions.
e. was told off by Ensign Chekov.
f. was asked to explain the facts of life in public.
g. got into a fight with a bunch of club-swinging natives.
h. all of the above.

Now, gentlemen, was that so very difficult?

TRANSPORT BLUES



"ENERGIZE"




"UH, MR. SCOTT..."

NEWS BULLETINS

from Carle' Johnson

IT HAD TO HAPPEN: On Stardate 5620.3, our First Officer left for that very important meeting with you-know-who. The earnest eager-beaver on duty in the Math Dept. recorded the return of Mr. Spock as occuring on 5606.6, fourteen days before Mr. Spock left, the way everyone figures. But Mr. Spock

was on duty at that time, wasn't he? Well, if he was gone 14 days he should have returned on 5634 -- but that math wizard says that when 5634 is here will not be 14 days from 5620, but some other time. In fact, the latest report is: due to the rapid shift across our sector, tomorrow will be 2308, not something after 5620....Luckily the Paymaster has a different code to calculate payday by, or we would end up owing SFC.

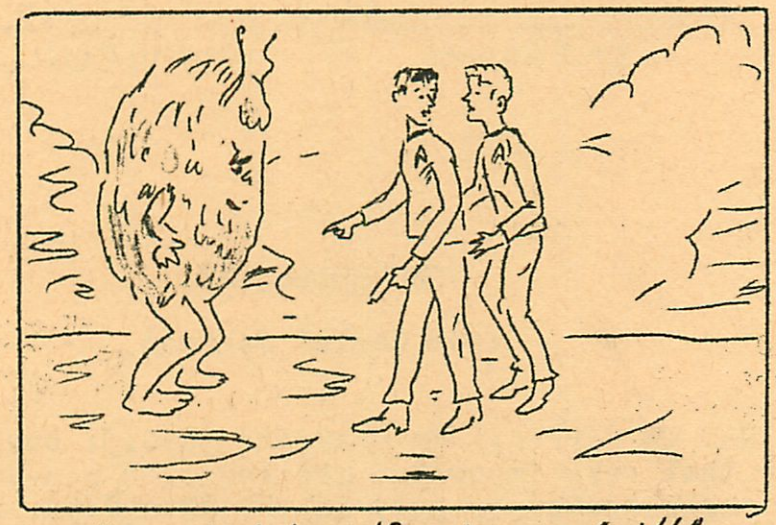
STILL HERE: Reports from Biochemistry Analysis indicate that a small segment of the crew have succeeded in making an excellent synthetic Scotch Whiskey. Rumor that Pete's kilt was used in the production is totally false. It was too full of holes. A certain highly placed Scotsman has proclaimed it as the best he has had in YEARS.

The recent efforts to startle Spock came to naught when the ears were found to be ouchy. What enemy of the common people put itching powder in the formula? Doctor McCoy was overwhelmed with girls with itchy ears that day.

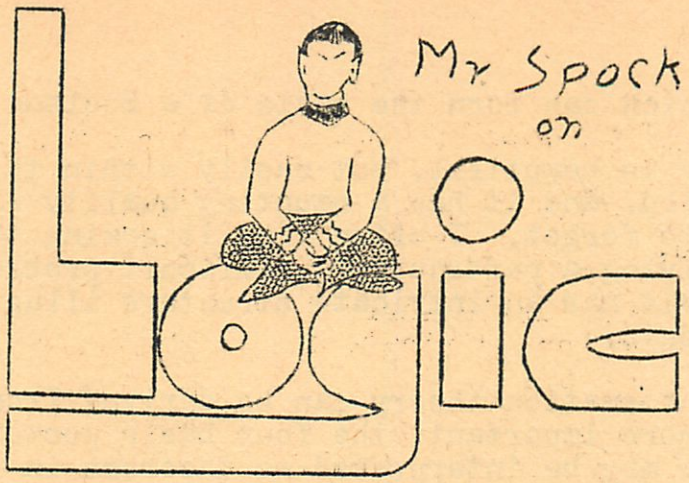
Rumor is that Lt. Sulu has forsaken archery for blowguns; all who wander past the target area please beware. Total score is seven security men and two yeomen. Ensign L. was ordered to NOT make a bolo for Lt. S....

FASCINATING SIGHT: Mr. S, trailed by a dozen little people that D. W. insists are "hobbits." D. insisted so hard that they are now officially designated as such.

That group of Science-Fiction fans in Rec Room 5 have located a mid-20th century sf series that they claim is very prophetic. FLASH: Captain Kirk, after viewing part of it, has ordered all copies wiped clean.



She wants to know if you're married!!"




by Jacqueline Lichtenberg

I've been asked for a few words on the nature of logic, its role in my life, and its place in yours.

The Vulcan word, t'alka, refers specifically to self-consistent systems of rules used to manipulate facts to arrive at conclusions. I customarily reserve the word, logic, to refer to such a system.

Surprisingly, many humans are unaware that there is a rigorous, formalized science of logic native to Earth, essentially identical with the early efforts of Vulcan logicians. It is interesting to note that the primary human contributors to the science of logic were male, whereas, on Vulcan, most of the initial contributions to formal structure were made by females.

For example, in the middle of Earth's 19th century, George Bolle's algebraic formulation of the theory of classes in logic, Boolean algebra, cast the efforts of human philosophers and logicians into a form familiar to every Vulcan as t'ilk Sirok, Sirok's abstract, which is famous as the first major male contribution to the field.

My earliest memory is of a wall plaque, a family heirloom for more than a thousand Earth years, depicting two overlapping circles within a square frame, with the four areas shaded in different colors. It is a device you often call a Venn diagram, after John Venn, who emplyed it in 1876 (A.D. Earth calendar) to give an intuitive grasp of Boole's algebra.

When I was barely old enough to talk, my father brought me a recording of every Vulcan's first "nursery rhyme," an elegantly simple, intriguingly worded song-statement of four

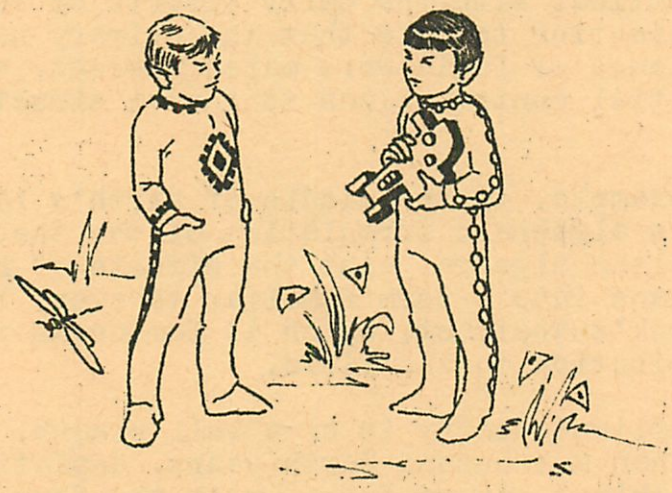
propositions which can form the basis of a Boolean algebra.

The melody is beautiful, but easily within the ability of a Vulcan child, and it has a haunting quality which makes it impossible to forget. I often find it coming to mind unbidden when solving a particularly difficult problem because the melody itself has an intricate structure illustrative of some laws of logic.

Much of information theory can be derived from Boolean algebra, but, more important, the four basic postulates of Boolean algebra may be interpreted as theorems in the calculus of propositions, that is, tautologies, or laws of logic which are cited to back up a step in reasoning as a lawyer cites precedents.

The calculus of propositions, the calculus of classes, and Boolean algebra form what is known to Vulcans as t'kol't, and might be described to humans as a kind of logical ring in which each of the members can be taken to imply the others, however difficult the derivation may be in certain directions. Such a system has a symmetry which is particularly pleasing to the esthetic sense.

Vulcans are often thought of throughout the Federation as lacking an esthetic sense. However, might I point out that, while understanding logic is a stimulating exercise in pure



reason, applying is an art requiring keen imagination and an extremely well developed esthetic sense.

The calculus of classes and the calculus of propositions together with the theory of formal inference (the Vulcan theory of formal inference, not the "material implication" human logicians are still playing with) form the basis of Vulcan civ-

ilization, which is by no means the homogeneous unity it is considered to be throughout the Federation. Vulcan, like Earth, has many cultures. Though the distinctions are blurred to human eyes by millenia of world unity, they are, nevertheless, real.

But Earth, unlike Vulcan, developed complex civilizations before the science of logic. So the primitive, two-valued, or Aristotelian, logic prevailed until 1921 (A.D. Earth calendar) when Lukaciewicz proposed a three-valued logic.

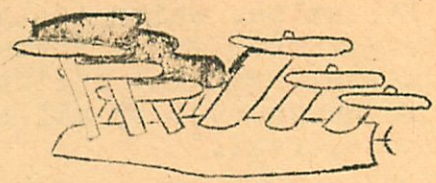
Eleven years later, Reichenbah found the base for the theory of probability, an infinite-valued logic, and logic became, for humans, the powerful tool that Vulcans have used to formulate symbolic philosophy.

Long ago on Vulcan, a rigorous, symbolic logic was applied to carefully chosen axioms of philosophy to provide logically consistant motivations for all phases of activity. I cannot begin to convey the satisfaction, the sure knowledge of rightness, that comes from the application of logic to one's assumptions and value judgments. It is a source of genuine pleasure.

One of the axioms basic to all Vulcan philosophy is that of the idic; the greatest of all pleasure is to explore the infinite ways that the infinitely diverse can combine to produce meaning and beauty. Emotions are as inseparable from your nature as logic is from mine. We must cultivate our differences, not strive to become alike.

As I study emotion, so should you study logic until, one day, we shall have probed each other's natures so thoroughly that we will be unable to deny our essential similarities, and yet, will be able to delight in the combinations of our essential differences.

# A TALE OF 3 KIRKS



by John Boardman

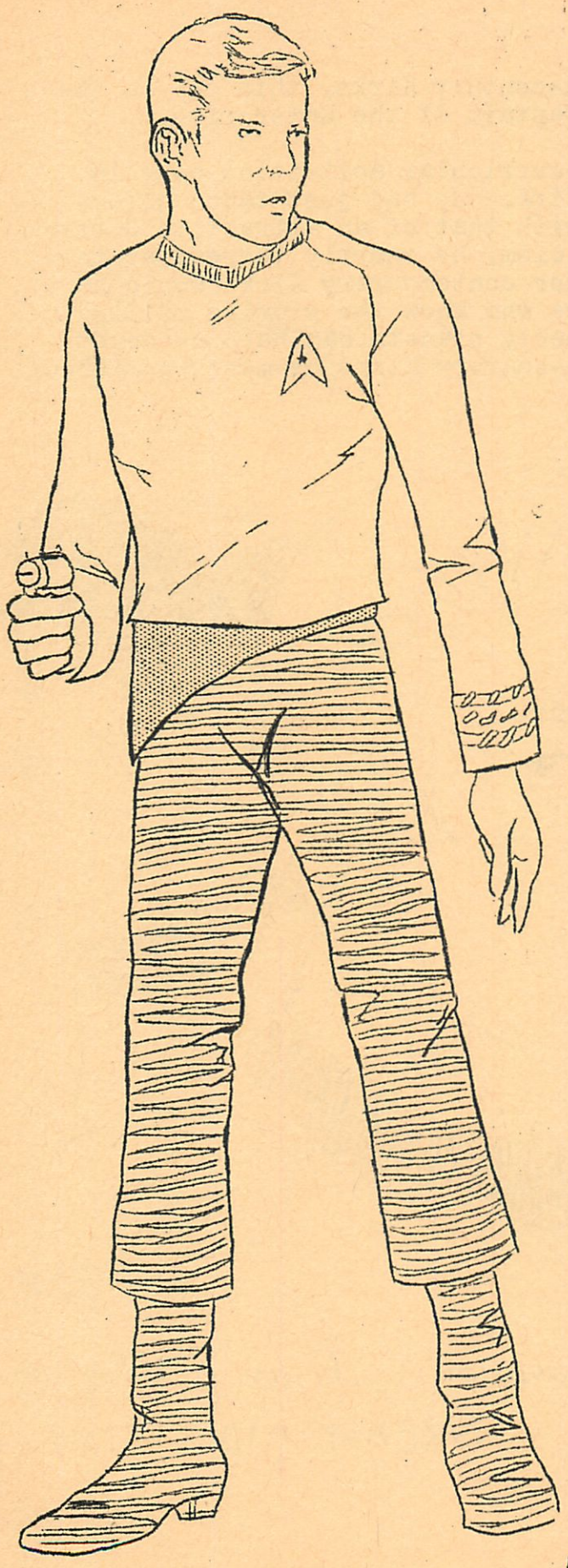
"Every child...has a right to choose his own ancestors." - Havelock Ellis

If we reflect upon the composition of the crew of the Enterprise, we are forced to the consideration that the ancestors of every one of them - though in Spock's case only the female line - were alive on Earth during the 1900's. Somewhere in Africa there was a family which probably took the name Uhura - "freedom" - when their country declared its independence. Somewhere in the Lowlands of Scotland there were Scotts, fulfilling the great tradition of their country in the field of maritime engineering. A Chekov bureaucrat chased his secretary around a desk in Leningrad, a Sulu assembled transistor tape recorders in a factory in Hiroshima, and a McCoy performed internal examinations in a gynecological clinic in Atlanta.

And, of course, the lineal male ancestor of James Kirk was also among our forbears. We have to look for him not merely among Kirks, but among prominent Kirks. The Captain of the Enterprise is a man who would make his mark anywhere, and who obviously comes from a long line of such men.

Three candidates suggest themselves: Governor Claude Kirk of Florida, ex-President Grayson Kirk of Columbia University, and the writer Russell Kirk. At first glance, Russell Kirk might appear to be the best candidate. Most people know him as a genteel reactionary who wrote regularly for National Review, but he was also a good writer of ghost stories. His liking for adventure in the realm of fantasy, in a literary field often associated with science-fiction, would make him a possible ancestor to Captain James Kirk.

But, on further reflection, we have to reject Russell Kirk's claims. Unlike the other two, he never served in an



executive capacity, and seems to have had no interest in such a role. His writings, both political and fictional, show him to have been an 18th century High Tory, born out of his time. Russell Kirk was oriented toward the past, not the future.

Grayson Kirk, also, is not a likely ancestor for the Captain of the Enterprise. His ineffectual performances in the Spring 1968 disturbances at Columbia University are far distant from the incisive executive abilities demonstrated by James Kirk. If James Kirk had been in his place, he would have met the grievances promptly and in a conciliatory manner, or he would have used a sufficient but not excessive amount of force at the outset. He would not have vacillated back and forth between these two contradictory policies, trying both and doing neither.

The best claims are those of Governor Claude Kirk. In 1966 he became the first Republican Governor of Floida in modern times - thus boldly going where no man (of his party) had gone before. In office he demonstrated an authoritarian character which is open to criticism on political grounds, but would be quite in keeping with the conventional powers of a ship's captain. While the author, as a former resident of Florida, agrees with almost none of Governor Kirk's policies, he recognizes that

MRO

of the three famous late 20th-century Kirks, this one is the most likely ancestor of the Captain of the Enterprise.

And Claude Kirk's extra-curricular activities were in keeping with those of James Kirk. He had just taken office when his name was connected with that of an attractive German divorcee. Despite some criticism, he shortly thereafter married her. Neither of the other contemporary Kirks would do anything like this - but those who know the stories of Captain Kirk's adventures on liberty planets can have no doubt as to which of the three 20th-century Kirks he most resembles!

COMMUNICATION FROM STAR FLEET

by John Mansfield

Fleet Officer - 3
3rd Fleet
Sanctuary
6901.7

Dear Sir,

I thought that you would be interested in knowing that we have broken up a spy system operating aboard the USS Enterprise.

For some time now, we have known that information has been falling into the hands of our enemies. This was confirmed when spy tapes were found aboard the mining ship (1) GAGE. These ships, being unmanned and on automatic control, are easily used as courier ships.

Some time ago we found a set of tapes that were from the Starship Enterprise. These tapes also contained classified information. We have finally managed to stop the leak.

We found that a safety inspector in the ship yards on a certain planet was hiding "grain" recorders on the ships. Another contact would remove the recordings and send them to Central Headquarters.

A "grain" recorder is about the size of a grain of wheat. It turns itself on at random, and can record all the sounds in a fair sized room. Their usefulness is limited; they only record for a minute at most. It is pure luck if they pick up anything important. If you plant enough of them, however, you are bound to get something.

I would love to get you some of these tapes for publication. I am afraid, however, that in some cases they contain information that is classed higher than you have clearance for. A few contain items that you would have little or no interest in, such as a solid minute of Vulcan...(2)...music.

However, the one I enclose may be of some interest to you.

I hope that our ships cross course soon.

J. Mansfield
FO 3 Int
USS Dillon

TRANSCRIPTION TAPE # 7

Reference Request 7D-78/34
Time/Date - 0042-0434

TRANSCRIPTION

1st Voice: Hey, George, can I have your boots?

2nd Voice: I'll take your uniform.

3rd Voice: I'll take your little black book, especially that ...(other noises) on...

George: Get off my back!! I just got off duty; I want to warp out and all I get is static. Now....

2nd Voice: You'll be sorry.

George: Okay, get that grin off your face and tell me the news.

2nd Voice: Don't get snarly. We just happened to notice the new duty list, that's all.

George: What is it? (Rustle of paper) Oh, my God! I can see it all now. Twenty hours straight, saying (sound of movement) "Yes, sir" to that Vulcan First Officer of ours and not being able to....No! I refuse! Never.

1st Voice: About those boots now. You and I are about the same size, and....

George: Why me, why? I'm not <u>really</u> bad.

3rd Voice: You know you can't get out of it. There's not a man on this ship who'll replace you.

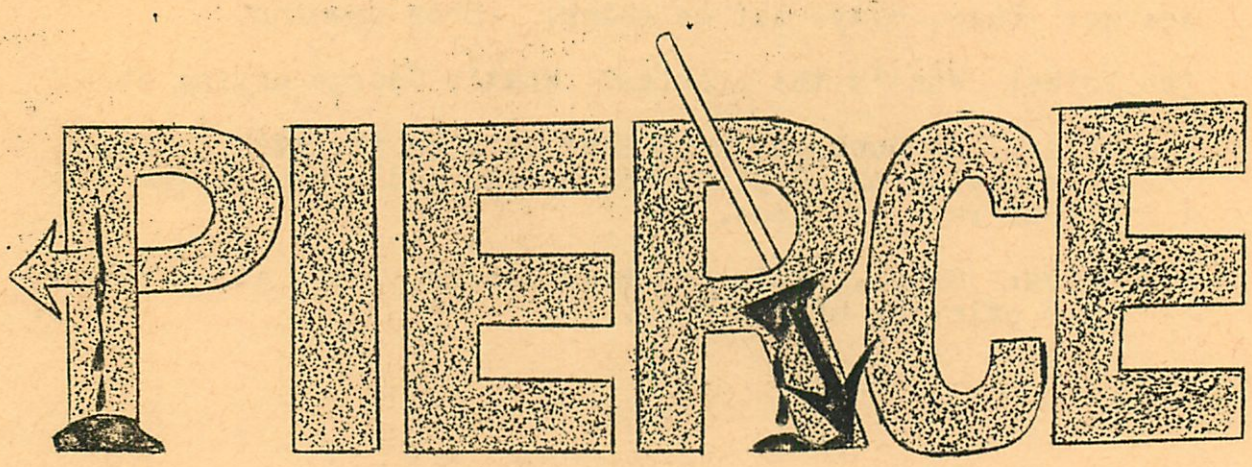
George: Okay, okay, let me think. (Door opening)

5th Voice: What's the problem? What's George crying about?

2nd Voice: He just got word that he's on the next landing party with the Captain and Spock, and you know the survival rate on those.

5th Voice: Gee...that's too bad, George. Say, about that 3-D painting of yours....

OH YES... AND LEN, WHO DID YOUR MAKE-UP TODAY? I'D LIKE TO HAVE A LITTLE TALK WITH HIM...




by Sherna C. Burley

CAST, IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

Pierce - small, husky, feisty, and quietly mad.
Commander Spock
Captain James T. Kirk
A Yeoman
Lieutenant Uhura
Lieutenant Sulu
Ensign Chekov
Alain - leader of the planet Warrel.
Doctor McCoy
Alain Marc ( members of Alain's entourage.
Alain Tel (
Lieutenant Commander Scott
Lieutenant De Salle
Nurse Christine Chapel
2 Security Men

Various other crewmembers, male and female.

All action takes place on board the USS Enterprise, within the space of one ship's day.

ACT I, Scene i - Biochemistry laboratory
Scene ii - Bridge

ACT II, Scene i - Recreation Room 3

Scene ii - Corridor outside Lt. Uhura's quarters
Scene iii - Another corridor
Scene iv - Recreation Room 3 - some time later

ACT III, Scene i - Dr. McCoy's office
Scene ii - Sick Bay

ACT I, Scene i

Biochemistry laboratory. Stage is set in front of closed curtains. Flat-topped computer console, with formalizer and clipboard on top, stand stage left. At stage right is cabinet, with fire extinguisher hooked onto one side.

((Pierce is standing in front of the console reading dials. He glances at the formalizer dial, takes the clipboard

and makes a notation, then goes back to the console. The liquid in the formalizer bubbles higher. Pierce turns away to the cabinet.

The liquid bubbles out and foams down onto the console. There is the sound of snappings and cracklings and flashes of light from the computer. Pierce runs and throws the cut-off switch. (All lights on the console go out.) He snatches back his hand as he completes the act - the switch is either hot or electrified.

By this point, smoke has begun to billow from the console.

Enter Spock stage center, from between the curtains. Without missing a motion, he lifts the fire extinguisher off the hook and heads for the console.

Pierce whirls, coughing, to get the fire extinguisher, and finds Spock behind him. Spock pushes Pierce aside casually, without looking at him. Spock plays fire extinguisher over console, and smoke dies down.

Spock quietly clears his throat of smoke and waits until Pierce has stopped coughing.))

SPOCK: Mr. Pierce, what is a formalizer doing on top of the bioanalysis unit?

PIERCE: I...put it there, sir. I was trying to do two things at once and it...well, it got away from me.

SPOCK: Obviously. Mr. Pierce, since we rescued you from Procyon IV, your efficiency rating has been lower than is acceptable. If you are experiencing emotional aftereffects, I suggest that you see the Psychiatric Officer. You will restore this room to order and then report yourself unfit for duty.

PIERCE: But I'm....((withers under Spock's eyebrow-up gaze)) ...Yes, sir.

((Spock nods and exits stage center. Pierce stares after him bitterly. He hurls the formalizer in the direction of Spock's exit, as he spits out...))

PIERCE: Yes! ((raises clenched, trembling fists)) I'll psychiatric officer you, you damn cold-blooded, pointy-headed...Vulcan!

((Lights go down.))

ACT I, Scene ii

Bridge of the USS Enterprise. Stage left, slightly angled to front; Spock's station - computer console, with a chair in front of it. Rear stage left; Uhura's station - console with scrim viewscreen, tall enough to conceal actor, chair in front of it. Stage right, on side and slightly angled; Engineering station - computer console, chair in front. Stage center; Captain's chair, facing audience. Helmsman's chair, stage front right; Navigator's chair, stage front left. Both these chairs also face audience.

Kirk is in the Captain's chair, Sulu and Chekov at their stations. Uhura is at her station, and extras man the two other consoles. A yeoman stands behind the Captain's chair. Other extras as desired, at consoles, looking busy.

KIRK: ((holding clipboard and pen)) Captain's log, Stardate 3314.1 We have been circling the planet Warrel for forty-eight hours, while the Warrelar keep us waiting. They are a very touchy people, taking insult at the slightest excuse.

Klingon explorations continue to approach this planet. They are expected to make their first contact in two months. The Warrelar must allow us to protect them, or they will be destroyed.

We also have hopes of building a base here. The location is a strategic one. For this, we have to win their confidence.

((He signs clipboard, hands it to the yeoman. She takes clipboard, exits right as Spock enters stage left, carrying a second clipboard.))

SPOCK: Has there been any contact, Captain?

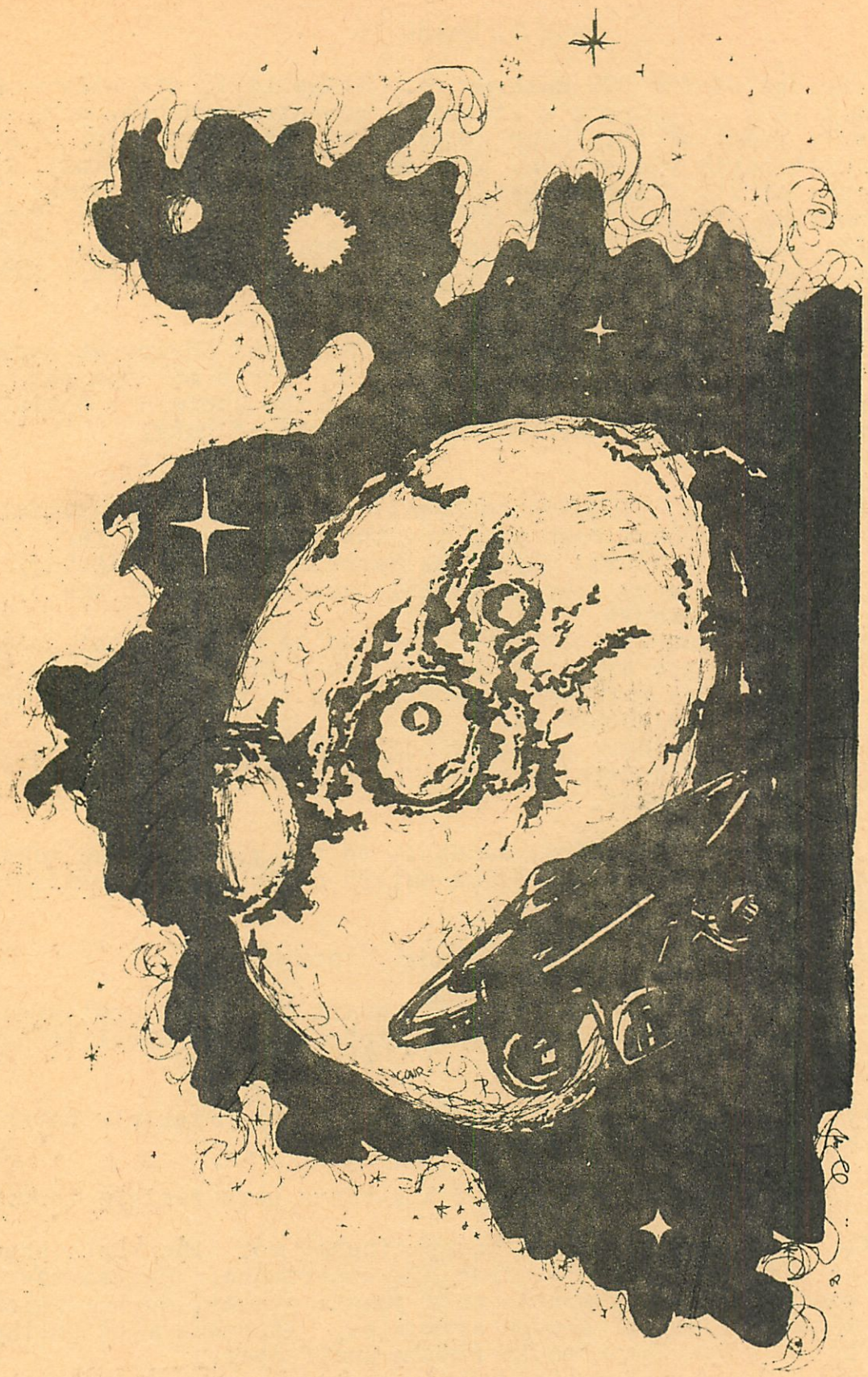
KIRK: No, there hasn't. We still await the Warrelars' pleasure. ((Turns and sees the clipboard which Spock is holding in an obtrusive manner.)) What's that?

SPOCK: This, Captain, is the analysis of Mr. Pierce's psychiatric tests.

KIRK: ((Surprised)) I thought his tests were satisfactory.

SPOCK: They were, Captain. Suspiciously so. The tests show no effects whatsoever from his experience. He was marooned for three months on a jungle planet, during which time he lost all eleven crewmates. It seems most unlikely that any human would remain unaffected.

KIRK: Then you think I was wrong to agree to his request for



duty?

SPOCK: I have relieved him of that duty, Captain. I have also ordered new tests. Mr. Pierce has proven incapable of conducting himself as an efficient biotechnician. He is careless to the point of endangering the ship, as well.

KIRK: Then you did the right thing. When this mission is over, we'll take him to Star Base 4, as I originally planned. Keep me informed.

SPOCK: I shall, Captain. ((Walks to his post at far left console. The crewman there nods and leaves for another part of the bridge. As this happens, the following dialog is carried on.))

UHURA: Captain, I'm receiving a signal from the planet.

KIRK: Put it on audio, Lieutenant.

((Uhura plays with the dials on her console. The screen lights come up - and stage lights may dim slightly - to reveal the Alain insignia, which is removed to reveal Alain.))

ALAIN: I am Alain of Warrel.

KIRK: Greetings, Alain. I am Captain James T. Kirk, of the United Federation of Planets. I come on a peaceful mission.

ALAIN: I have heard of this mission. You want to protect us from your enemies. We can protect ourselves!

((Kirk starts to speak and catches himself to avoid interrupting as Alain continues.))

...You also want us to pay you for your help. You want us to house your soldiers and give up lands for your weapons. Do you take us for fools?

KIRK: ((He's sweating, but he turns on the charm.)) No, Alain. The wisdom of the Warrelar is well known to my people. We ask your <u>help</u> in fighting this enemy of ours. We also ask permission to build a base out in the wilderness, where we wouldn't disturb anyone. We aren't fools either. We don't promise to protect you from an enemy, when we also find him a threat.

ALAIN: ((Pauses)) Then perhaps we might discuss this in Council. Captain Kirk, I suggest that you and your attendants join me at the Hall of Clans. ((Alain's insignia re-appears.))

KIRK: With pleasure, Alain. ((His voice and gestures drop

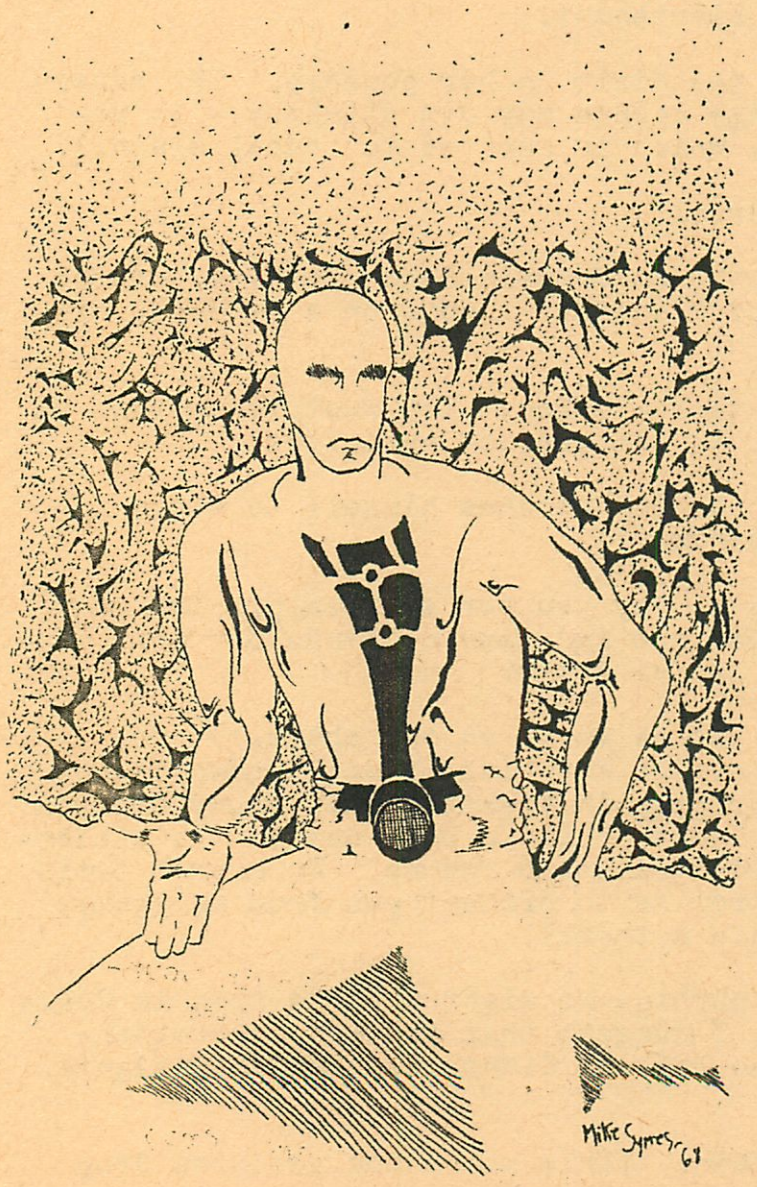
as he realizes that the face is gone. The Alain crest fades as the lights behind the scrim go out.))

SPOCK: ((Comes up to Kirk, stands beside chair.)) Most diplomatic, Captain.

KIRK: ((Regains his self-satisfaction.)) Thanks. I hope Alain thought so too. ((Rises to leave.)) You have the con.

SPOCK: Acknowledged. ((Sits as Kirk walks out stage right.))

Curtain.




ACT II, Scene i

Recreation room 3. Curtains are about three-quarters open; the portion of stage in front of the closed curtains is the corridor outside the room. There is a tall screen at rear stage right, with a picture and a lytherette hanging on it. In stage center, front, is a table and three chairs. On the table is a small intercom, a 3-D chess set, and two cups of some liquid. To the right of the table is a computer console. It has a sliding door with a shelf behind it, large enough to hold three cups; on the shelf is another cup, with liquid. It also has a panel, which opens to show a few sets of wires, and a storage section for tapes, plus a slot to insert the tapes into. Other tables and chairs to stage left. There is

a standing intercom in front of the curtains stage right.

Chekov and Sulu are seated at the front table, setting up a game of chess. Extras sit at the other tables, doing quiet action, socializing.

((Pierce enters corridor, stage left, and wanders toward "door" - open section. He looks unhappy and just a little belligerent. Sulu sees him, glances at Chekov, and they stand up.))

SULU: Pierce! Over here. I want you to meet a friend of mine.

((Pierce comes over to the table.))

...Pierce, this is Chekov, one of our Navigators.

((They shake hands. Pierce is hesitant, Chekov jovial.))

CHEKOV: Welcome to the Enterprise, Mr. Pierce.

((All sit.))

...I hear you're a good chess player.

SULU: He was a champion of our class at the Academy. I can't give this Russian much of a game, Pierce. Why don't you show him how it's done?

((Pierce shrugs. Chekov takes one piece of each color and holds them out in his closed fists. Pierce chooses one and they start playing with white moving first. After Pierce's first move, Sulu stands and crosses to the console.))

SULU: Can I get you something?

PIERCE: Coffee. Blue, with cream.

((Sulu fiddles with the buttons as he programs the order. A light flashes and he reaches up, opens the upper cupboard and passes the cup to Pierce. Sulu closes the cupboard door and sits. As he does this, the game continues. Chekov moves.))

PIERCE: Where did you learn that? ((A little angry))

CHEKOV: Mr. Spock taught it to me. He is a wery good chess player.

PIERCE: ((Moves chesspiece)) Well, he gives me the creeps.

((Chekov hesitates, then smiles.))

SULU: He may be a little different, but he's one of the best officers in the Fleet.

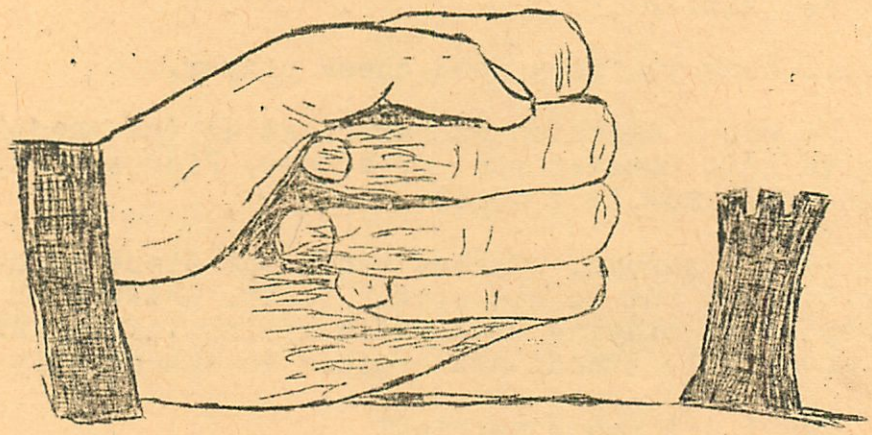
PIERCE: I'll just bet. I can't move without his breathing down my neck. How do you stand it on the bridge with him?

((Chekov and Sulu grin widely.))

CHEKOV: We are wery careful. ((Draws the line out for its comedy value.))

SULU: We pretend that he's twenty people, and they're all looking over our shoulder.

PIERCE: That shouldn't be allowed. No sane man can work with that kind of thing pressuring him. There's got to be some way to stop him. ((He is becoming excited.))



SULU: The best way to stop Spock's bothering you is to pay attention to your job. ((Smiles in a friendly way.)) He has checkmate. ((Indicates Chekov on the word "he."))

PIERCE: Yeah? Well, he should play his own game, not some weirdo's kind. ((Stands up as he says this and stalks out onto stage left, into the "corridor," in front of the curtain.

Sulu and Chekov stare after him, startled, then lose sight of him. Pierce pauses, standing by curtain, fists clenched. He turns as though he wants to go back, but forgets about his inner struggle as he becomes interested in overhearing their subsequent conversation. Pierce should stand

very still at this point so that he doesn't draw attention from stage center.))

CHEKOV: I think he doesn't like aliens.

SULU: He's had it pretty rough - losing his friends like that. ((Begins to reset the chess game. Continues ruefully)) Spock makes me a little jumpy, too, sometimes. He never seems to relax.

CHEKOV: What he needs is a glass of wodka. Now if I had some potatoes....

SULU: (( Grins )) It wouldn't work. Alcohol doesn't do anything for his chemistry.

CHEKOV: I bet the biocomputer could figure out a chemical to get him drunk.

((At this, Piere straightens in interest, reminding the audience of his presence.))

SULU: I'm not sure I like the idea of Mr. Spock, out of control....

CHEKOV: Just think of him trying to explain it.

SULU: He's too proud. It wouldn't be a joke. It would hurt him pretty badly. ((As he finishes this line, Pierce turns and exits purposefully, stage left.))

CHEKOV: You're right, of course, but it's such fun to think about.

SULU: ((Grins in agreement)) We'd better get this chess set put away. It's almost change-of-shift. ((They put chess set away in the lower part of the food console, as others in the room begin exiting stage right. They join crowd. Lights dim.

Lights come up to reveal Pierce coming in stage left along "corridor" in front of curtain, with clipboard in his hand. He is also carrying a small test instrument, with a long sampling probe. Pierce is alone on stage. He enters Rec Room and starts pressing computer buttons. As he programs computer, he consults his clipboard. He pulls open the repair panel, alters a couple of connections and stands up. He looks around and takes the three cups from the table. He places them in the cabinet and presses a button. The light comes on and he opens the cabinet, takes out one cup and places the test instrument probe in or near the liquid in the cup. He smiles at the reading, replaces the cup and exits with the instrument and clip-

board. As he exits stage right, Kirk and Spock enter stage left, without seeing Pierce. Spock is carrying a clipboard.))

SPOCK: Then you had complete success, Captain.

KIRK: Nearly complete. The Warrelar will be up to inspect the ship in half an hour. If <u>that</u> goes smoothly, we may sign the treaty today.

SPOCK: What of the treaty ceremony?

KIRK: We'll have to put up with it, of course. They like their pomp and ceremony. If they insist that my officers dress up and play games, as their price....

SPOCK: I understand, Captain. ((They are, by now, standing at stage center. Spock nods, and Kirk nods back. Spock enters Rec Room and sits at front table. He studies clipboard, uses computer, and generally acts quietly busy as Kirk crosses to Communicator in "corridor" at stage right.))

KIRK: This is the Captain speaking. Our guests will be on board in thirty-five minutes. Off-duty personnel will observe formal attire and behavior in the public areas of the ship.

((Lights dim. Kirk exits stage right. Curtains close and open again, to show passage of time. When they close, Spock is standing by the console. The curtains re-open to show him sitting, bending over the clipboard, with one of the mugs beside him. He nods significantly.

Spock picks up the cup absently, but the audience should know it is really a very significant gesture. Then, as he drinks from it, we realize from the angle he holds it at that he is actually draining the last few drops.

He puts the cup down and rises. He stumbles very slightly and his hand swings out to overcompensate. He knocks over the cup, but doesn't notice - he is staring at his hand, which is trembling. With a look of quiet concern on his face, he

straightens into the symmetrical, shoulders-forward posture. Instead of putting his hands behind his back, however, he holds them in front of him, palms forward, and rotates them out and down, in, and around, in a ritual exercise.

His features are losing their puzzled look and becoming slack as he does this. As he begins the gesture again, he stops, turns toward the screen (at a three-quarters angle from the audience) and smiles. He walks unsteadily to the screen, and takes down the lytherette, as the curtains close and the lights go out.))

ACT II, Scene ii

Corridor outside Uhura's quarters. Played in front of the curtains. Standing intercom stage right. As the lights come up, Uhura is crossing from stage left. She looks a little tired; she's just come off duty. As she reaches stage right, Spock enters stage center through the curtains. He is carrying the lytherette.

As Uhura starts to exit behind the curtains stage right, she turns. Spock starts plucking the lytherette very slowly and softly.

He looks much like a peaceful satyr. When he speaks he sounds a bit blurry and he may have a slight accent. He maintains an owlish dignity and he never becomes ridiculous, but he does not have the careful formality he usually shows.))

UHURA: Why...hello, sir.

SPOCK: Have you ever seen the stars at warpspeed?

UHURA: Of course, Mr. Spock. I...((slightly puzzled)) Is anything....

SPOCK: ((Interrupts her)) They're red...((plinks a note on lytherette)) and green ((plink)) and white ((plink)) and <u>nort</u>. ((plink)) But you can't see that, I think. ((Sadly, then brightens)) They look like melons. Furry melons.

UHURA: I always thought they looked like great fluffy feathers. Sir...shall I...Dr. McCoy might want to....

SPOCK: ((Very seriously)) The good Doctor has a tedency to be tendious. ((He says this without noticing his spoonerism.)) It is a bad habit. ((Sighs and tilts his head.))

UHURA: Yes, sir, I'm sure he does. ((Edges to standing inter-

com, and turns it on.)) Sick Bay. ((As she becomes involved, Spock exits unsteadily, stage center.))

MCCOY: ((Voice on com.)) Sick Bay here.

UHURA: ((Speaking softly)) There's something wrong, Doctor. Mr. Spock is acting very strangely. I don't know what ... ((trails off))

MCCOY: Where is he?

UHURA: In front of my quarters. He... ((turns and sees corridor is empty)) No! He's gone, Doctor. He was acting ...almost...drunk.

MCCOY: Are you sure, Lieutenant?

UHURA: Yes, sir. I didn't believe it either.

MCCOY: See if you can find him again. I can't make a general announcement while the Warrelar are aboard. Mr. De Salle will have to set up search parties, and let the Captain know what's happening.

UHURA: What if it's something serious?

MCCOY: With that Vulcan constitution of his, I doubt it.... But if the Warrelar see anything wrong, they'll refuse the treaty and make themselves sitting ducks for the Klingon phasers.

UHURA: I'll do what I can, sir. ((Signs off. Lights go out, she exits.))

ACT II, Scene iii

In front of the curtain. A corridor. Curtains are very slightly open. All exits and entrances in this scene are from the back of the curtain. Standing intercom stage right.

Three "groups" are involved in this scene. The first consists of Kirk, Alain, and the two other Warrelar, Alain Tel and Alain Marc. The second group is Sulu and Pierce. The third is Spock, alone, unsteady on his feet, but still maintaining his dignity. This is <u>not</u> to be played for comedy. Spock has been betrayed by a fellow officer and he dimly realizes that his behavior is contrary to his most deeply felt beliefs. Despite the euphoria, his worry occasionally breaks through the drug to trouble him. When this happens, he may stop and look puzzled, and perhaps stare at his hands.

Lights come up on an empty stage. Spock, carrying the

lytherette, enters stage left, crosses left half unsteadily, and exits stage center.

As he exits, Kirk and party enter stage right and barely miss seeing him. Kirk, as always in this scene, preceeds the party and glances about surreptitiously to be sure they're not going to run into his misbehaving First Officer. As they talk, they walk toward stage center.))

KIRK: The engine room is in this direction. All of the ship's power is controlled through here, including the anti-matter drive that powers her.

ALAIN: The power of your ship is most impressive, Captain. What of her weapontry?

KIRK: We'll be seeing the phaser room later. They're powered

through here, of course. Mr. Scott? ((He calls out toward back of the curtains, as party exits stage center.))

((Spock enters stage right, walks forward to the communicator, and leans on it. He is without the lytherette. Head bowed, he is deep in thought. He reaches forward and turns on the communicator.))

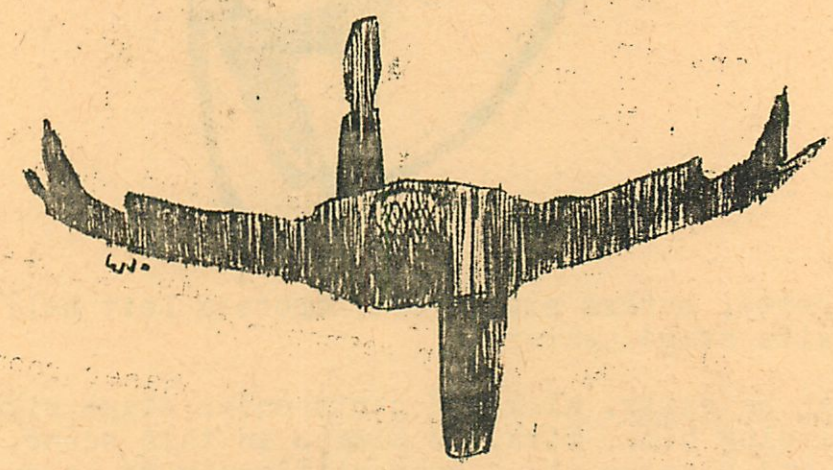
CHEKOV: ((Voice on com)) Bridge here.

((Spock opens his mouth to speak, raises his head and looks puzzled. He starts to look around beside the communicator. He turns unsteadily and exits stage right.))

CHEKOV: ((Voice on com)) Bridge here. Is anything wrong?... Hello?...Mr. Spock, is that you? Sir, this is wery strange.

DE SALLE: ((Voice)) Check the board. Which communicator was it? ((As he speaks, or before, if timing makes it necessary, Sulu and Pierce enter stage left and run hard across the stage to the open communicator.))

SULU: This is the Engineering Deck. Search party just arrived. What happened?



DE SALLE: ((Voice)) Your communicator was activated but no one was there when we answered.

SULU: It could be him! Ensign Michaelson saw him heading this way about five minutes ago. Has the Captain been told yet?

DE SALLE: ((Voice)) Yes, Uhura managed to get through to him without the Warrelar knowing. Our orders are to get Mr. Spock to Sick Bay as soon as we can. The Captain also says our visitors mustn't see him until he's well, or they may not want to sign the treaty.

((Pierce, who's been looking around, now gestures.))

SULU: Acknowledged. Search party out.

((They run to exit stage right, as Kirk and party enter stage left. Scotty is with them.))

ALAIN: ((Sees exiting search party.)) Those kinsmen of yours seem excited.

KIRK: ((Sweating)) Yes, Alain...uh...my kinsmen are high-spirited.

SCOTT: ((He's been smiling. He's pleased with the kilt-like costume of the Warrelar.)) Aye, Captain, that we certainly are. I must get back to my engines now. Enjoy the rest of your tour, gentlemen.

ALAIN: We shall do that.

SCOTT: ((Turns back just short of exiting)) Oh, and Captain, I'll be keeping an eye out for ((catches Kirk's desperate look))....for your project. ((Exits stage left. The group begins to move toward stage center.))

ALAIN TEL: Project, Captain?

KIRK: Yes...uh...I'm trying to convince my...kinsmen to... maintain proper decorum in the corridors and confine all ...disagreements to the proper areas. You understand, I'm sure, Alain. It's the price you pay for leading a high-spirited clan.

ALAIN: ((He looks faintly weary. He is remembering past anguish, now a familiar ache.)) Yes, Captain, I am aware of the burdens of leadership.

((As they reach stage center, Sulu and Pierce come out from the center.))

KIRK: Ah, gentlemen. You've met our Helmsman of course. This is one of our biocomputer men, Mr. Pierce. ((As this line is spoken, Spock enters stage left, carrying the lytherette. Kirk and party do not see him because their backs are to him. Sulu and Pierce see him, but can't make any sign of it. Spock wanders half-way to-

wardthem, looks at the group in puzzlement, then turns and walks back and exits stage left, while the conversation proceeds.))

PIERCE: Hello...uh...Warrelar. ((Kirk stiffens slightly. Pierce is uncomfortable. He looks at Sulu who takes his arm in warning.))

SULU: How are you enjoying your visit?

ALAIN: We find it most impressive, Clansmen.

((Sulu grins, Pierce looks disgusted.))

ALAIN MARC: You are offended, Clansman?

SULU: ((Quickly)) No, he's not. I mean...we were arguing before, and my kinsman ((Pierce steps back and looks even more disgusted))...is still dissatisfied.

KIRK: Then take your quarrel to the proper part of the ship. Gentlemen? ((He hurries them, and the Warrelar exit stage center, Kirk with them.))

PIERCE: I <u>will</u> not toady to those damn <u>aliens</u>!

SULU: I'll talk to you later about your duties, Mister. There's no time now. ((Runs across left half of stage, exits stage left. Pierce follows.))

((Lights dim, then come up as curtain opens.))

ACT II, Scene iv

Recreation Room, with curtains as in sc. i. Cup is gone from table. No one is visible on stage, but the lytherette is on the front table. There is a bouquet of yellow tea roses hidden on the chair behind the front table.

Pierce and Sulu enter stage left in "corridor." Pierce

leans over and peers into Rec Room. He sees the lytherette and smiles. He turns back to Sulu.))

PIERCE: Nothing here. Uh...go on without me. I'll be out in a minute.

SULU: Make it fast; we've got to find him. ((Exits stage left.))

((Pierce crosses into Rec Room and pulls a phaser from under his shirt, as he stares toward stage left. He slips behind screen.

Spock has been in "another part of the Rec Room," hidden behind the left curtain. He now walks out toward stage center and the table. He is a little more unsteady now, and occasionally, puts out a hand to steady himself. He goes to the console and pulls a tape cartridge from the lower cabinet. He rises, nearly falling over as he does so. He puts the tape into the slot and music starts. The music is very simple, probably from a plucked string instrument. There are passages of bells of two kinds - multiple tinkling bells like glass wind chimes and harsh single gongs. These are the type of bells we heard in Amok Time, NOT chimes or other ringing types of bells.

Spock stands up and wanders to the picture hanging on the screen. He stands there looking at it as Pierce steps out from behind the screen. Spock turns and looks at Pierce's drawn phaser.))

SPOCK: Mr. Pierce, such weapons are dangerous.

PIERCE: Still lecturing, green-blood? What a shame you don't really know what's happening.

SPOCK: ((Looks puzzled)) I have never understood why red blood does not....

PIERCE: Shut up! This time you listen. I'm going to make this slow, like you killed them in that stinking jungle...

SPOCK: ((Troubled)) Killed...?

PIERCE: Shut up! Posky - he was the first. You broke his back when you crashed us. We carried him for three days before the fever killed him, Samal. You're going to scream like that too. You're going to beg and scream...

((Uhura enters "corridor," stage left. Pierce stops as he hears her footsteps.))

...Keep quiet or I'll kill them all! ((Ducks behind screen. Spock looks after him, puzzled.))

SPOCK: I? Killed?

UHURA: ((Enters Rec Room)) <u>There</u> you are!

SPOCK: I am. Here. Did you not once express a liking for Rosa polyflora?

((Uhura reaches for the intercom on the table. She switches it on.))

UHURA: Doctor! ((As Uhura does this, Spock reaches down to the seat of the chair. He stumbles. She jumps forward to catch him, and he comes up with a bouquet of tea roses.))

UHURA: Tea roses. Botany will never forgive you.

SPOCK: You misappreciate them?

UHURA: No...but you misappropriate them.

((Music reaches a bell passage - Spock's gaze becomes intense. As she finishes speaking, he ignores her words and spreads the fingers of one hand on the side of her jaw and ear. The placement is very precise.))

SPOCK: Where is the wind of the desert...?

UHURA: ((She is confused and deeply touched - and a little scared.)) I...I think you'd better come with me.

SPOCK: Yes, I know. ((The flowers slip from his other hand as he raises it towards her face.))

UHURA: No! ((She jumps back.))

((Spock looks shocked and deeply hurt, and for a second, agitated. Perhaps the shock of interruption as he began reaching with his mind has cut through the drug and he realizes what he is doing! It only lasts a second, though. By the time her line is finished, he has relapsed into the fog of the drug.))

UHURA: You mustn't, sir. I mean...you've got to get to Sick Bay.

SPOCK: I am well. You are beautiful. ((Reaches forward toward her face, in the same gesture. Loses balance and stumbles to one knee. She takes him by the upper arms to steady him. He raises his hands to touch her face again. We see the temptation in her face.

McCoy enters stage left and runs into the Rec Room.))

MCCOY: What's going on here?

BUSH

SPOCK: ((His hands tremble unsteadily, but neither rise nor drop. They are a few inches from Uhura, and the fingers are spread.)) Doctor, your absence would be inspiring.

((Uhura throws McCoy a desperate look. He steps forward and helps her lift Spock to his feet.))

MCCOY: You're coming to Sick Bay.

SPOCK: I have no intention of entering your unpleasant abode, Doctor. ((Turns to Uhura, ignoring McCoy. He has, indeed, forgotten his presence.)) Come now to sing the winds. ((Reaches for the lytherette with one hand and her face with the other. She and McCoy catch him before the inevitable disaster can result from the imbalance. Uhura picks up the lytherette.))

MCCOY: Why don't you come up and have a drink.

SPOCK: I have taken the liquids I require for this day.

((McCoy shares a puzzled look with Uhura.))

UHURA: Vulcan...?

MCCOY: ((Nods, realizing)) You're not on your home planet, now. There's plenty to drink. ((Suddenly inspired)) And you already said you'd come.

SPOCK: Have I?

MCCOY: You gave your word.

SPOCK: ((Nods gravely)) Then, if we go to a drinking, let us begin. ((The three make their way into the "corridor," Uhura and McCoy steadying Spock. Just before they exit stage left, we hear Spock's solemn voice again.))

...I shall select <u>kibahla</u>.

((As they exit, Pierce appears from behind the screen looking after them. The phaser is drawn and the look on his face is fearful.))

Curtain

ACT III, Scene i

Dr. McCoy's office. In front of the curtains. There is a viewscreen communicator, stage left. McCoy's desk is stage center, with a chair behind it, facing the audience. There

are papers and a pen on the desk.

((As the lights come up, McCoy is found at the desk, fiddling with the papers. Communicator screen flashes and whistles. McCoy makes a final notation, picks up the paper and walks to the console. He turns on the screen, and Kirk appears.))

MCCOY: Jim! I was just about to call you. Where are you?

KIRK: I'm on the planet. My hosts are gone for the moment. Did you find him? Is he all right?

MCCOY: ((Draws it out. He's enjoying himself hugely, and getting back for some of his worrying)) Jim, our First Officer is soused.

KIRK: What?

MCCOY: He is crocked to his high-rise eyebrows.

KIRK: ((Curtly)) Doctor, report!

MCCOY: ((He collects himself and starts this speech a little stiffly. By the last sentence his good humor has returned.)) Mr. Spock is intoxicated, as the result of some unknown chemical he apparently ingested in the past three hours. We are in the process of analyzing his blood for the chemical. By tomorrow, it should be completely worn off, even if we can't work up a fast antidote right now.

KIRK: You will. I want it within the hour. Where is he now?

MCCOY: He's in Sick Bay playing the lytherette and singing to my nurses.

KIRK: ((Grins. Now that he can stop worrying about Spock's sanity, he sees the humor of the situation.)) Singing?

MCCOY: You wouldn't believe....

((Curtains open very slightly, just enough to make a doorway. Christine Chapel enters with clipboard, and the curtains close. She looks dazed. In the time that the curtains are open, we hear Spock singing <u>exactly</u> one and a half lines of a song. The song cuts off as the curtains close, though presumably he goes on singing.))

SPOCK: ((Sings - tune is "I've been working on the railroad" - the section "Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah.")) ...But the Captain doesn't sleep at all, at all, 'Cause he's busy making.... ((Cut off))

KIRK: Where did he learn that one?

MCCOY: Nurse? ((Christine still looks dazed. McCoy takes the clipboard and reads.)) Looks like you'll get your antidote. He'll have one whale of a hangover, but he'll be sober for the ceremony.

KIRK: Good. I'll send Scotty up with his costume. Hurry it. Kirk out. ((Screen goes off.))

MCCOY: ((Looks at Chris, who is composed, but strained)) What is it, Nurse? Haven't you ever heard "The Captain's Ballad" before?

CHRISTINE: ((Her voice is even and controlled but soft and just a little strained)) He told me to stop slobbering over him, sir.

MCCOY: Sounds like our boy may be coming out of it without my help. ((He and Christine turn to exit stage center through the curtains into Sick Bay, as the lights go down.))

ACT III, Scene ii

Sick Bay treatment room. There is a standing intercom stage left, a couch and screen stage center, and a cabinet with shelves and a glass front, with various medical implements inside it stage right front.

((Spock is sitting on the couch, head way down, looking dazed and extremely ill. McCoy is putting the hypo away in the cabinet.

Enter Pierce stage left. He is holding Christine's arm with one hand and the phaser with the other. He forces her on into the room and shoves her toward McCoy.))

((McCoy reacts protectively. Spock raises his head slowly. He is not yet free of the drug, but his mind is clear enough that he knows what is happening.

PIERCE: ((points the phaser toward Spock)) All right, prong-head, let's do this nice and slow. It's on needle-burn, see? Just right for carving Vulcies into green meatloaf.

((Pierce aims phaser. As he fires, Spock lunges clumsily to one side and the beam goes wild. Simultaneously with Spock's motion, McCoy dives at Pierce. As soon as the action starts, Christine runs to the communicator.))

CHRISTINE: Security! We need help in Sick Bay - hurry!

((The fight is brief and Pierce goes down quickly. As he falls, we again hear the sound of his phaser, and Spock winces slightly. McCoy and Spock quickly recover their balance. Spock is bleeding green from his wrist. McCoy looks down and sees the wound.))

MCCOY: You're hit!

((Spock brings up his arm and we see he is bleeding just below the sleeve. As he holds his hand up, the flow stops. <u>As McCoy yells</u>, he turns and runs to the cabinet and grabs a clotting device. He whirls back to Spock, grabs his arm, and

sees that the bleeding has stopped.))

MCCOY: Now, how the devil...((looks up at Spock))

SPOCK: Vulcans possess an extensive physiological control, Doctor.

MCCOY: I don't doubt it. ((Returns to cabinet, replaces device and removes a roll of plastic bandage, and a spray can. As he speaks, he treats the wound. Bandage requires no tape or fastening.)) It's a clean wound - straight through and no bone damage. Knowing you, it'll heal faster than it has any right to. How do you feel?

SPOCK: I am well.

MCCOY: That's not what I asked.

SPOCK: I feel nauseous and dizzy. My head aches and my entire secondary nervous system is hyperactive. In short, I am quite as fit for duty as you are, Doctor.

((McCoy is saved from his loss for words by the entrance of two security men.))

MCCOY: ((Points to Pierce)) Lock him up. Psychiatric restraints. Nurse, go with them and have Dr. Fontana see that he's all right.

CHRISTINE: I'll get her, Doctor. ((Exits stage left. Security men carry Pierce out behind her.))

MCCOY: I don't understand why it didn't show up on his psych tests. A paranoia like that just <u>couldn't</u> be missed.

SPOCK: ((He has completely regained his dignity and composure. If he feels as sick as he just claimed, he allows us no way of knowing it.)) I was in the process of confirming my theory when I unwittingly drew the drugged <u>skala</u> from the food unit. Mr. Pierce did not <u>take</u> the psychiatric examination whose results we were using.

MCCOY: That, to coin a phrase, is illogical.

SPOCK: Hardly, Doctor. Mr. Pierce was aware that his mental condition would not allow him to return to active duty, and yet this was what he most desired. Perhaps it represented the completion of his escape from the shipwreck. He produced the test results without taking the tests, by causing the computer to redate an old psychological profile, taken before the crash. This was presented to us as if it were the new one. Mr. Pierce is, after all, an expert computer technician, or he would not have been

able to re-program the food unit so efficiently.

MCCOY: You mean he successfully fooled the machines.

SPOCK: Not really, Doctor. He was quickly caught.

MCCOY: Not quickly enough to save this crew some bad moments. Of course, it was almost worth it, seeing you drunk.

SPOCK: It was an interesting experience, Doctor. It is not, however, one I should care to repeat. I still fail to understand why you humans often seek out the condition.

MCCOY: I suppose you would have to be human to appreciate it.

SPOCK: ((Very gently, to underline the irony - or maybe to ease his aching head)) No, thank you, Doctor.

((Scotty enters stage left, carrying a package and a Warrelar-style kilt. He is in Warrelar costume himself.))

SCOTT: Well, gentlemen, is everything back in order?

SPOCK: Affirmative, Engineer. Has the treaty been completed?

SCOTT: Aye. It's just wanting the ceremonial signing. The Captain sent me up to gi' you this.

((Spock raises an eyebrow.))

SCOTT: ((Holds up kilt)) It's a complete Warrelar ceremonial costume, and a bonny bit o' workmanship it is, too. Captain says there's just time for you to get down to the ceremony. ((This last to Spock))

MCCOY: ((Delighted - his Southern accent coming through)) Why, it's just your color, too.

SPOCK: ((Ignores McCoy)) What is in the package?

SCOTT: Oh that? That's the other costume. I didn't get around to opening it. It seems the Captain told Alain that the Ship's Surgeon was as close a kinsman to him as the First Officer and Alain wants you in the ceremony too. ((Hands McCoy the package.))

((Curtain down on the expression on McCoy's face.))

# STAR TREK SONG

Music and Words by Ed Chamberlain

CHORUS:

Here's to the Starship Enterprise,
Long may she rule the endless skies,
Going boldly to the fore,
Where no man has gone before.

1. And here's to her stalwart skipper,
Courageous Captain Kirk,
There's many a maiden swoons for him,
But he's married to his work.

CHORUS

2. And here's to our man of science,
The Vulcan Mr. Spock,
A man without emotions, or
At least to hear him talk.

CHORUS

3. And here's to a canny Scotsman,
The starship's engineer.
If there's any trouble with the ship,
He'll fix it, have no fear.

CHORUS

4. And here's to the sweet Uhura,
Her beauty is untold,
A communications officer
That I would love to hold.

CHORUS

5. And here's to the jolly sawbones,
A hypo is his toy.
If you ever need a doctor you
Will find he's the real McCoy.

CHORUS

6. And here's to Nursie Chapel,
   She's always in demand.
   I'm going off to Sick Bay just
   So she can hold my hand.

CHORUS

7. And here's to Mr. Sulu,
   A gentleman of Japan.
   He's a star-hopping Samurai,
   And a darn good man.

CHORUS

8. And here's to Mr. Chekov,
   From the land of the Czars.
   He boasts of his homeland as
   He travels to the stars.

CHORUS

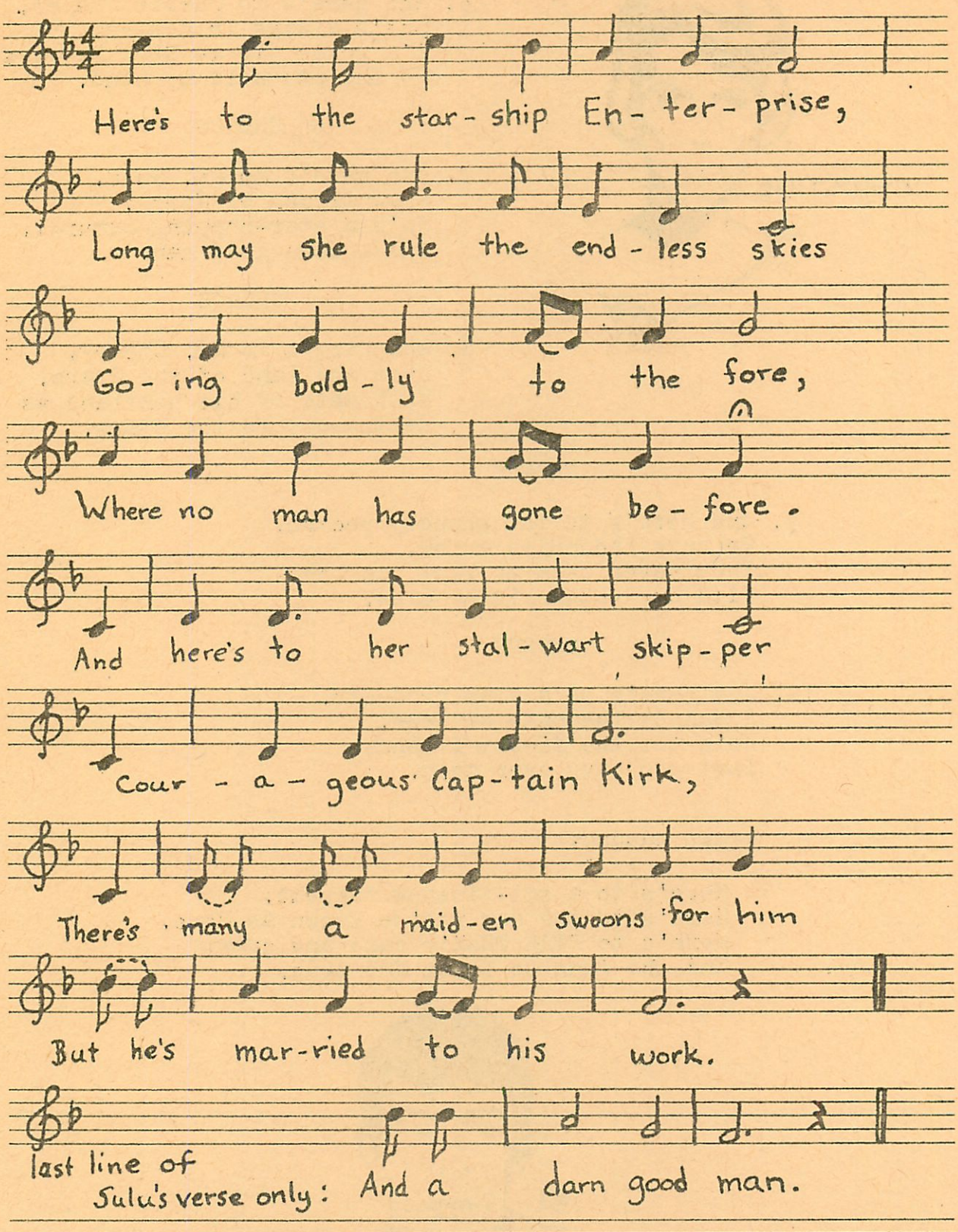
9. And here's to the shapely yeomen,
   We have had quite a few.
   They never seem to last too long
   With our enterprising crew.

CHORUS

10. And here's to a fine producer,
    A man by the name of Gene.
    He's got the finest TV show
    That you have ever seen.

FINAL CHORUS:

Here's to a sci-fi show supreme,
Here's to the man who'se known as Gene,
Here's to STAR TREK's cast and crew,
And the fans so loyal and true.




Words and Music copyright by Ed Chamberlain

# Crank Letter

by Jean Lorrah

[The editors of SPOCKANALIA recognize that it is our duty to publish responsible opposing viewpoints, however dubious their factual basis, and forthwith present the following letter.]

Offices of the Union to Preserve
the Humanity of the Federation
3842.6

To the Federation Council
With the Request that this Letter be
Read into the Council Record

Gentlemen:

Over the past two years a Vulcan-oriented publication edited by a pair of benighted Earthwomen has consistently sought to undermine the efforts of our organization to preserve the purity of the Human Race and point out to those unfortunate Humans who have succumbed to the insidious influence of alien races the error of their ways. However, as True Justice will out, this very publication has ironically provided us with the final evidence necessary to prove what we had suspected from the first: the Vulcans, far from being the friends to Mankind that they would have us believe, are actually our worst enemies! For over a hundred years they have ingratiated themselves to Humankind, spying, committing acts of espionage, and establishing themselves in positions from which they will be ready to take over the Federation when the time comes -- ever keeping suspicion out of the minds of Human observers through the use of their unnatural telepathic ability.

People of the Federation! You Humans who have maintained your Humanity despite the contamination of our beloved

Federation by myriad alien races -- remove yourselves to a safe distance from the physical <u>or mental</u> influence of any non-Human, and read on with an open mind. Your eyes will be opened as well, for we of the Union to Preserve the Humanity of the Federation, with-holding ourselves from the presence of any alien over a period of years, have collected final evidence, ocular proof, which convicts one group of aliens, the Vulcans, and thereby casts deep suspicion upon all other alien races in the Federation.

To begin: the Federation has the wisdom to recognize and oppose two alien races, the Klingons and the Romulans, as our enemies. The fact that these two have recently formed an alliance against the Federation is a further indication of their vulgar nature, for the two races are as different as Humans and Vulcans, and by Natural Law should have nothing to do with one another. Unfortunately, Star Fleet, the protector of our beloved Federation, has failed to recognize that all non-Human races are <u>by their very nature</u> enemies of Mankind, and so has encouraged commercial and cultural intercourse with all those who have pretended amity toward us, even helping many of them to attain Federation status. Most of these races, to say what one can in their favor, avoid contact with Humanity. To this rule there is one glaring exception: the Vulcans. Not only do they send ambassadors to Federation planets and sit in the Federation Council, as do other aliens; no, they also teach in our universities, where they can influence our children! They attend the Star Fleet Academy and become officers in the fleet which is intended to protect Humanity! They send traders to Earth colonies to subtly undermine those Humans cut off from the body of their race with Vulcan trinkets and Vulcan propaganda! And, worst of all, they marry our women, using their telepathic powers to overcome natural Human repugnance to their devilish appearance, and are breeding a race of misbegotten halfbreeds who will serve their purposes now, only to be discarded, along with their unfortunate mothers, after they have helped Vulcan attain its ambition of taking over the Federation.

The UPHF has attained access, by means no less honorable than those used against us, to the record tapes of the voyages of the Federation Starship Enterprise, records which, if juxtaposed with the history that every school child knows and the lies that every Human has heard from the Vulcans, will set any open-minded Human to reconsidering his beliefs concerning our "friends," the Vulcans. These tapes are of particular value because the First Officer of the Enterprise is one Spock, a Human-Vulcan halfbreed who will be able to take over the ship simply by arranging an "accident" for his Captain when the time comes that the Vulcans need a Starship. That he has the complete trust of the crew is demonstrated many times in the records we have; this, along with the fact that one Starship of the fleet has a completely Vulcan crew, gives us di-

rect evidence that one-sixth of our main defense fleet will immediately be under Vulcan control when their moment comes! How many other Starships have Vulcans in positions which would allow them to take control we have no way of knowing, but we must consider the possibility that all twelve may!

In order to recognize the Vulcans as our most dangerous enemies, it will be necessary for you to forget what they have told you and consider this question: In reality, who are the Vulcans? They are the inhabitants of 40 Eridani, a barren and wasted planet which archaeological evidence proves could not have evolved a humanoid race, yet their "history" shows no record of their having come from another planet, nor do their legends indicate such an origin. There are no traces of Vulcan habitation on other planets of 40 Eridani, or of any other star in that sector -- in fact, in all the area that the Federation has explored, not a single race similar to the Vulcans has been discovered! Where, then, did they come from? And why did such a technically and sociologically advanced civilization have no space travel before it was contacted by the Federation, yet take to space like ducks to water once contact had been established? The answer is simple: they were planted! By whom? By now the answer should be obvious: the Vulcans are Romulans!

Consider these facts: the colony of Vulcan was discovered a few years after the beginning of the First Romulan War. At that time no Earthman had ever seen a Romulan, and so their appearance did not cause them to be suspect. They learned the official language of the Federation with amazing ease and rapidity (Earthmen and Romulans had long since been intercepting and decoding one another's sub-space broadcasts) and informed us that in their language the name of their planet and people was "Vulcan." How appropriate! So blind did they consider us that they took from Earth legend the name of the weapon-maker to the gods, to name the most dangerous weapon the Romulans command -- those Vulcans we trust so implicitly! They told us they were peace-loving people who practiced a strict discipline of logical behavior and repression of emotion -- and immediately became the sharpest and most successful traders in the galaxy!

For more than a century, Vulcans have been worming their way into the good graces of the Federation, studying Earth psychology, and reporting to the Romulans on all progress made by Humans. Their most insidious success has been in understanding Human psychology, which they have carefully manipulated to brainwash us into trusting them. At first they thought we admired the unemotional, but when they discovered that it was control we admired, Vulcan "history" was amended to include a period of unthinking violence from which they had over-reacted, while Vulcan "psychology" was made to include stronger-than-human feelings severely repressed. This "repression," this "logic," is what they claim to live by --

yet how many really do? None, except in public! Obviously, only those Vulcans considered most capable of keeping up the pretense would be sent to live among Humans, and even among those, only the finest actors would dare to marry Human women and live even their private lives under the restrictions they had invented.

Let us examine those few brief scenes that Humans have witnessed in the life of Sarek, ambassador to Earth, husband of Amanda, an Earthwoman, and father of the halfbreed Spock. First, we must assume that through his Vulcan telepathic power Sarek was originally able to overcome Amanda's natural distaste for his inhuman nature, and by keeping her under this influence has prevented her noticing the discrepancies between the philosophy he preaches and his actions over the years. But to an impartial observer of just those few days Sarek was on board the Enterprise, it becomes immediately obvious that

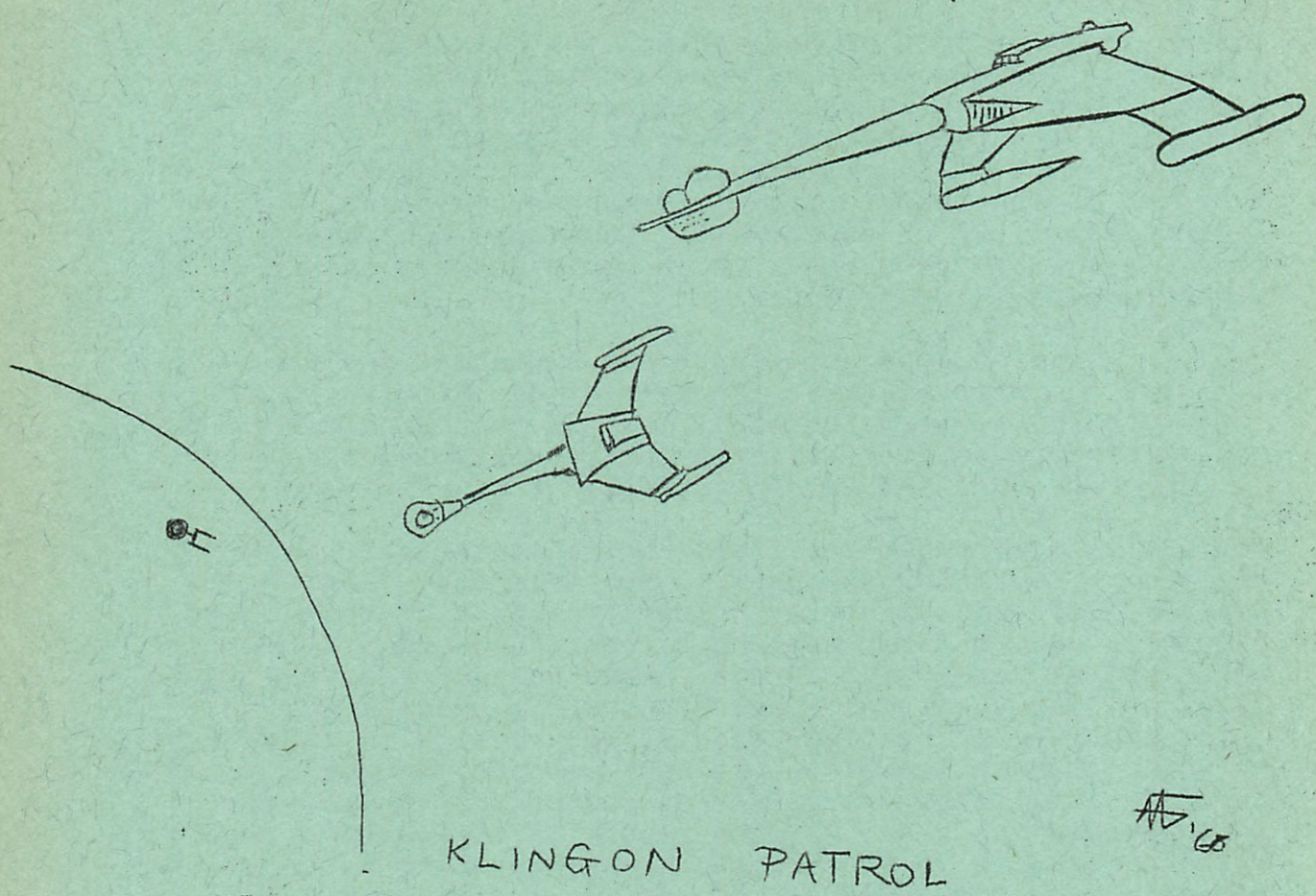
Vulcan "logic" is directly opposed to Sarek's obvious physical lust for his Human wife (he had an apparent need to be constantly touching her -- unless, of course, physical contact was necessary for him to keep her under his mental control in Human surroundings), his 18-year grudge against his half-Human son, his sarcasm toward a fellow ambassador, and his easily-expressed anger -- all of this in a situation in which it must be assumed he was exercising maximum control -- and control of which put him under such tension that it precipitated a heart attack!

And what of Vulcans not used to Human observation? Through the unconsidered actions of Spock at his Pon Farr, two Humans were allowed to see a Vulcan marriage ceremony, and also to

witness the actions of three Vulcans not accustomed to Human observation. T'Pau, a famous Vulcan dignitary who had turned down a seat in the Federation Council, exhibited a lack of restraint which makes clear the reason for her fear of close and constant Human contact: she showed anger, disgust, prejudice, sarcasm and sadism, all within a few emotionally-charged moments. But even worse were the two young Vulcans, T'Pring and Stonn, who readily admitted their lust for one another and their willingness to commit adultery should the marriage of Spock and T'Pring have taken place. Both T'Pring and T'Pau also showed utter contempt for the famous Vulcan regard for sentient life in choosing and allowing Captain James T. Kirk to fight a battle which he could not hope to survive. After all, he was only a Human.

This brings us to the question of how much Spock knows of the conspiracy in which he is such an integral part. It seems odd that most of the clues to Vulcan's being a colony of another race, and to Vulcan-Romulan relationships, have come from Spock, and that he should have invited Humans to observe a ceremony where they would see "the Vulcan soul" bared. Could the Vulcans have so much contempt for Human intelligence that they would not care how many hints they dropped? No, it is more likely that the Klingons are right, and those half-breed products of Vulcan-Human unions have been brought up to believe in the Vulcan philosophy, while they have been subconsciously fed enough information and instructions to keep them sincere in their beliefs yet ready to sabotage Humanity. It is unlikely that Spock would be so willing to use the mind touch if he were aware that his own mind held secrets which, if discovered, would result in the destruction of Vulcan. Two reactions of Spock on the first Human contact with Romulans after the First Romulan War show subconscious influence that he could not have been aware of.

First, upon discovering the physical resemblance between the Romulans and himself, Spock immediately hypothesized that the Romulans must be an offshoot of the Vulcan race. An empire of hundreds of planets an offshoot of a single isolated planet with no space travel! "Most illogical," but not to a mind brainwashed from earliest youth. Second, Spock "accidentally" caused the transmission of a signal exposing the location of the Enterprise to the Romulans. Still maintaining the assumption that if Vulcans do not underestimate Human intelligence, Spock would not be so free to offer information which connects Vulcans and Romulans, it must be assumed that Spock is under post-hypnotic suggestion to betray the Federation to the Romulans whenever possible, although he consciously believes himself to be acting in the best interest of the Federation at all times. This would also explain his actions in a more recent case in which the Enterprise was assigned to steal a "cloaking device" from the Romulans. Under the im-




pression that he was thereby furthering the mission, Spock wasted considerable time romancing the female Romulan Commander (who would naturally be attractive to him), nearly succeeding in the destruction of his Captain and himself. The great similarity of courtship patterns between Vulcans and Romulans, as demonstrated in this encounter, is further proof that the two races could not, as Spock insists, have been out of contact for thousands of years. One further note on the brainwashing of Vulcan-Human halfbreeds: on this occasion and on several others, Spock has exhibited an unhealthy willingness to die. A major discrepancy between conscious and subconscious beliefs will naturally produce suicidal tendencies, and while Spock does not consciously believe in suicide, the desire manifests itself in an eagerness to accept the death penalty for his actions.

Ironically, as mentioned earlier, the suspicions of the UPHF concerning the Vulcans were recently confirmed by the publication of records confiscated from the Klingons, in a magazine devoted to the glorification of the Vulcan race. These records, as translated by the Vulcan T'Anresh, were pub-

lished in order to show how foolish the Klingons were in assuming the Vulcans to be masters of Humankind. It is to be assumed that the Klingons now, after becoming allies of the Romulans, have been to some extent enlightened. But what is interesting about the Klingon records is how incredibly close they are to the truth! Lt. T'Anresh has conveniently found "untranslatable," or deliberately suggested mistranslations for, those words or phrases which would suggest the truth to Human readers. For example:

> The natives [of Earth] are humanoid, and resemble the (untranslatable). However, they lack the (untranslatable) (untranslatable). This is rather unfortunate; if they were even slightly (untranslatable) they would not be under the Vulcan (thumb?)

Obviously, except for the first "untranslatable," the words omitted by Lt. T'Anresh ought to be "telepathic ability," "telepathic," and "control." Those portions of the Klingon "history" of the first meeting between Humans and Vulcans, which are extremely inaccurate, prove somehow easy to translate, but their correct conclusions are masked behind "untranslatables." The final tipoff, however, is in Lt. T'Anresh's note to this section of the Klingon records, in which she refuses to admit that the halfbreed son of the Vulcan ambassador referred to in the Klingon report is obviously -- even with her efforts to obscure the Klingon meaning -- Mr. Spock, the object of our study.

People of the Federation, examine the evidence presented above with open minds, and you will be forced to this conclusion: the Vulcans are a colony of Romulans deliberately planted within Federation territory after the First Romulan War. Their plan is to make Humanity trust them so that they can work their way into positions of power throughout the Federation, in order to take it over by surprise at a signal from the Romulans. Vulcans are in reality as warlike and sadistic as any other Romulans, but have put up a facade of nobility and control which they find difficult to maintain; however, this facade of qualities which Humans find admirable, along with their telepathic control, has enabled them to attain positions of trust and to intermarry with Earthwomen, upon whom they have begotten a race of halfbreeds to further their evil purposes. These unfortunate creatures have actually been trained in "Vulcan philosophy," while in their subconscious minds have been implanted orders to sabotage the Federation at every opportunity.

People of the Federation; Human Beings everywhere! Rise up; cast out the evil in your midst! Repel the Vulcans; deny them positions where they can influence you, or your women, or your children! Drive them back to Vulcan, and then out of the Federation altogether, back to the Romulan Empire whence

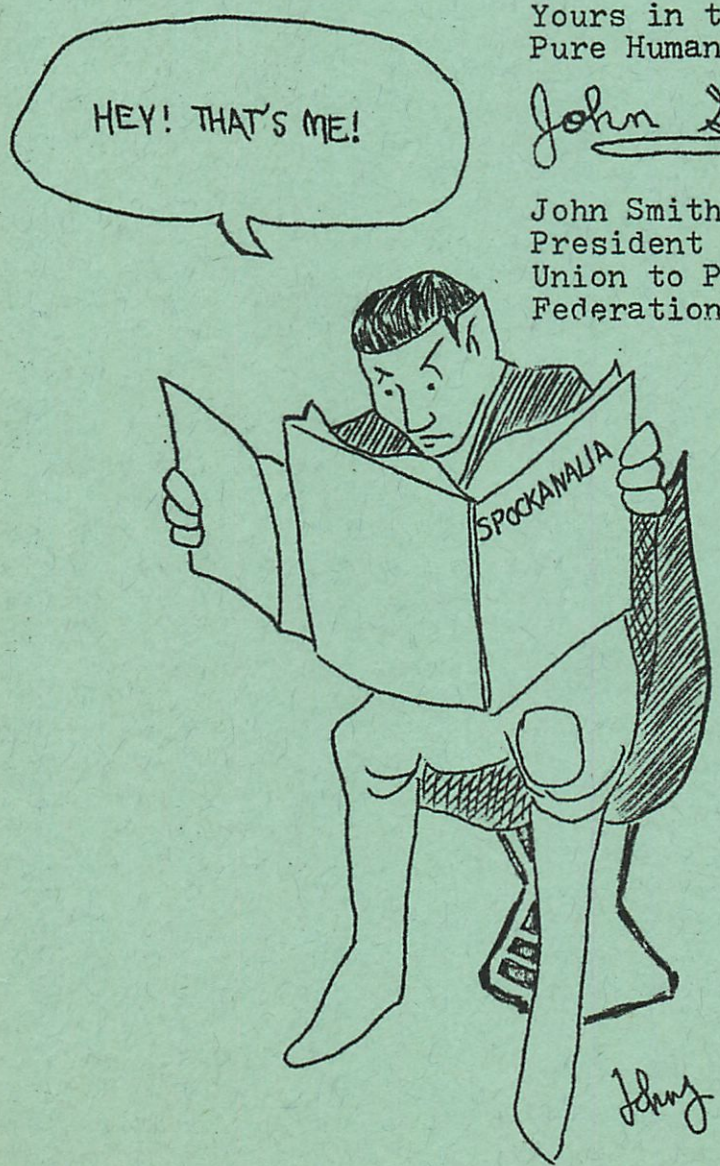
they came! Do it before it is too late! And do not spare the unfortunate halfbreeds, who never should have been born, and who, if they could only understand the cruel purpose for which they have been borne and trained, would thank you for an easy death.

Fellow Humans! Act now, before it is too late, before the Federation is so overrun with aliens that it is impossible to overcome them -- deny all non-Humans a place in the Federation! Keep the Federation Pure and Free! Your children and your children's children will be eternally grateful for your actions.

Yours in the hope of a Free and
Pure Human Race,

John Smith Togib

John Smith Togib
President
Union to Preserve the Humanity of the
Federation



# VULCAN GRAFITTI

Emotion Lose it
before you use it

TRI-OX
COMPOUNDS
CAUSE GOOD
BREATH
not when McCoy
gives them!

SPOCK WAS RIGHT!
— STONN

SPOCK
USES
CONTRACTIONS

JAMES T. KIRK COULDN'T FIGHT HIS WAY OUT OF A PAPER BAG
thats unfair. He just needs
lirpa lessons, thats all

LESSON 1
DUCK FAST

2,4,6,8
SAREK DOES
MISCEGENATE

I Pring
is a bigot SO IS HE

Thee cannot have thy cool
and blow it too.
Olde Vulcanne ~~Proverbe~~ Problemme

BEWARE ALIEN FLOWERS

PON FARR
SHPON FARR!!
It still looks
like a coffin
to me
just wait!

SUPPORT THE
COMITTEE TO
TEACH JAMES
T. KIRK THE
PRIME DIRECTIVE

SAREK
SNEEZES

Spock's Double Helix
$ All Screwed Up

Spock
sarekson
has semi-
circular ears

# ENTERPRISE GRAFFITI

21

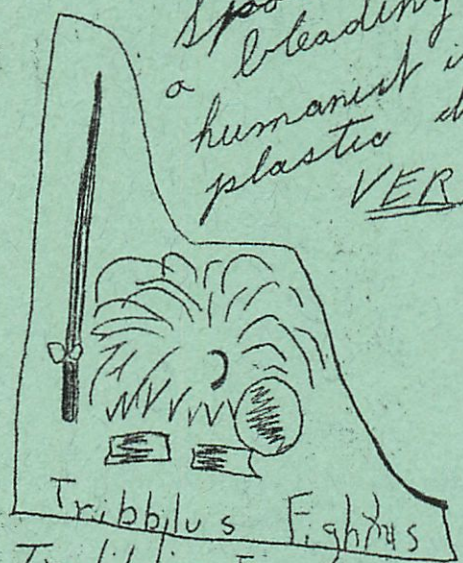
The next time a pretty Yeoman says she's on her way to gym... make her spell it.

KIRK BREEDS MONO

Spock is really a bleading humanist in a clever plastic disguise

VERYCLEVER

Vaal has dragon Mouth




Tribbles Forever and ever and ever

Capt KIRK Giggles!

WHY DOES KYLE ALWAYS GET IT IN THE NECK

& HE SLEEPS WITH HIS CHEST INFLATED

Who's she?

DRAFT HARRY MUDD!

Lad- there ain't a draft strong enough

THINK DIRTY!

(SPOCK CAN READ MINDS!)

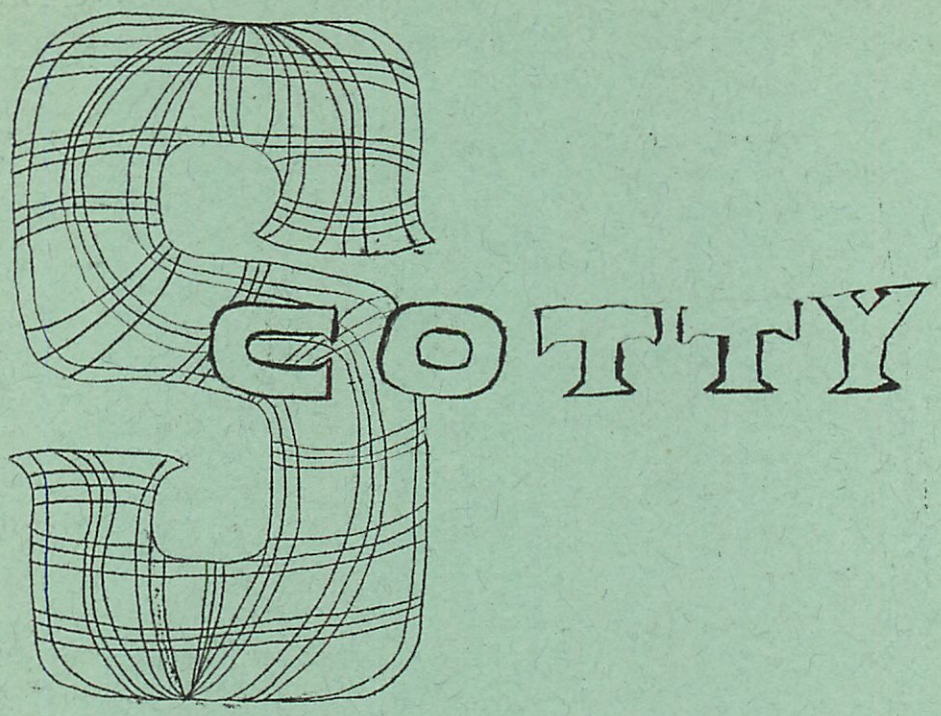
You are now descending in a dangerous spiral orbit. Mr. Sulu is dizzy.

THUD.

COPERNKUS WAS WRONG!

CHEKOV ~~LOVES~~

DRAGS




In partial fulfillment of the requirements for correspondence course Psychology 24.16, we are jointly submitting the following analysis.

INTER-PERSONAL RELATIONSHIPS WITHIN A CLOSED COMMUNITY

by Deborah Michael Langsam and Devra Michele Langsam

This discussion, which began as a result of a recent encounter with aliens, is a branching, unstructured analysis, as discussed in Lecture 12 B. Our analysis of this initial situation revealed unsuspected relationships within the confined community we are considering. We then studied these secondary relationships.

The subjects of this analysis are all crewmembers of the USS Enterprise, a ship of the line.

This analysis is divided into five main sections. They are: discussion of the initial situation, discussion of the relationship of two officers, discussion of the personality of one of these officers, discussion of that officer's relationship with the rest of the ship's "community," discussion of the role that Star Fleet plays in the lives of several other members of the "community" as compared with the role it plays for the specific officer.

Because we were informed that all personnel analyses submitted in class would be held strictly confidential, and because of the extreme similarity between the names of the two principals in this analysis, we have refrained from the use of standard first initials in place of names. We depend upon the discretion of the instructor to substitute pseudonyms, should this paper be drawn upon for purposes outside the classroom.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Recently, the USS Enterprise was invaded by an alien entity. (1) One of the resulting disturbances was a verbal attack by Engineer Scott, directed at First Officer Spock. At the time of the attack, Mr. Scott was under the mental control of the then unsuspected alien presence. Subsequently, it was discovered that the alien stimulated interpersonal hostilities.

We were surprised that the alien did not choose Dr. McCoy as Spock's antagonist. The enmity, or at least the outward hostility, between Dr. McCoy and Mr. Spock is well known on board the ship, and is amply substantiated. Since the alien functioned by focusing and intensifying its victims' hatreds, whether overt or covert, we would have predicted that the McCoy-Spock antagonism would be a fertile field for it. This was not the case. Intrigued, we tried to analyze why Scott was chosen instead of McCoy. This was the initial situation we set out to discuss.

Our tentative conclusion was this. The basis of McCoy's antagonism toward Mr. Spock was not suitable for the alien. Dr. McCoy's previous sparring with Mr. Spock was not based upon a hatred for him, but rather upon a disagreement with Spock's philosophy of emotional control. McCoy does not hate Spock.

While controlled by the alien, McCoy ranted against imagined death and torture camps, and the infliction of needless pain. Chekov, under the same control, grew infuriated at the "murder" of a non-existent kinsman. Both these men reacted to the stimulation of deeply-felt emotions. Under the same conditions, Scott attacked Spock - because he was a Vulcan, and alien: inferior, undesirable, disgusting. This led us to infer that subconsciously, at least, Scott does hate Spock. We believe that while these feelings are genuine, they are well controlled, and not, under normal conditions, strong enough or apparent enough to disqualify Mr. Scott from deep-space duty.

We searched for data to prove or disprove this theory. While we tried to be impartial, the evidence still tended to

support our original thesis. Furthermore, the evidence led us to conclude that Mr. Spock feels a similar dislike for Mr. Scott.

Can we demonstrate that there actually is a mutual antipathy?

1. Scott has, in the past, implied that Spock's being of an alien species makes his actions worse than they would be if they were the actions of a human, by referring to Mr. Spock as "that Vulcan." He has done so on several occasions. To our knowledge, he has never distinguished any other crewmember by his species, although other species are represented among the crew. Because of his cultural tradition, with its emphasis on control, Mr. Spock adheres strictly to the Service dictum that forbids racial bigotry. He does not often express what feelings he may have on this subject.

2. Scott is usually rigidly formal with Spock, in contrast to his more casual relations with other officers of his own general rank. Mr. Scott's habit of addressing his junior officers as "laddie" does not indicate, to us, a tendency toward formality. Lest it be said that this formality is deference to a higher officer, note that Mr. Scott is usually less formal with the Captain than he is with the First Officer. Spock, as well, is unusually formal with Mr. Scott. Both Spock and the Captain occasionally address crewmembers by their specialty. However, Kirk doesn't do this often. Spock uses the form more frequently than Kirk, and almost always, the person who is so addressed is the "Engineer." Spock is formal with every crewmember, but we emphasize that he is unusually formal with Mr. Scott.

3. Scott and Spock are very seldom seen together, aside from purely business matters. This is unusual, since Spock does spend off-duty time with humans. He apparently spends a <u>good</u> bit of time with his arch-sparring partner, McCoy. It is more unusual when one considers that both Spock and Scott are intimately concerned with the physical sciences, often referred to as the "hard" sciences. While a purist may quibble that an engineer is not a scientist, there is undoubtedly a greater amount of overlap between Spock's interests and knowledge as Science Officer, and Mr. Scott's as Chief Engineer, than between Spock's and McCoy's interests. One would at least expect Spock and Scott to enjoy talking shop together. Apparently, they do not. Some may object that Scott is not

a verbalizer, but we have witnessed great enthusiasm on his part and general talkativeness, when he is with any other person interested in engines. Mr. Spock is interested in engines, and admits freely that Mr. Scott knows more than he does on this subject. But Spock and Scott have not been seen communicating outside of working hours.

We concluded that Mr. Scott does not enjoy working on the same ship as Mr. Spock. Scott probably would not mind if Mr. Spock were transferred from the Enterprise; he might welcome it.

We attempted to pinpoint the factors in Mr. Scott's personality that would help to explain, or perhaps to clarify, the constraint that exists between him and the First Officer.

What do we know about Lieutenant Commander Montgomery Scott? For one thing, it appears that Scott is a bigot. He frequently uses labels as insults, as when he called Apollo a "bloody Sassenach." Secondly, he is extremely nationalistic, in an era when Terra is only one of a great many planets settled by humans, and the importance of one small country shrinks to that of a small city. Unlike Mr. Chekov's hymns of praise to "Mother Russia," at least half of which appear to be consciously designed to annoy and amuse, it seems that Mr. Scott truly believes in the superiority of his native isle. He displays an excessive pride, which sometimes seems inappropriate for the situation, in all aspects of his national culture. On one occasion he went so far as to wear his native dress to a formal dinner, at which all the other officers wore dress uniform. He seems to have a complete absorption in his national symbols and emblems. Mr. Scott is also a narrow-minded person; all his interests focus on his work, or his national heritage. (His drinking may be considered part of the latter.) Further, Scott is inflexible. His usual reaction to a proposed change is, "It won't work."

Given these characteristics, it is understandable that Mr. Scott should not care for Mr. Spock, who is an alien, has an enormous range of interests, and is flexible. (This latter despite Mr. Spock's rather conservative tendencies when discussing intuition and emotions.)

Equally, one can see how Spock would tend to feel a negative reaction toward the Engineer. It is difficult to be unaffected by another's dislike; it is difficult to ignore even subtle antagonisms. We suggest that Mr. Spock's low-grade telepathic ability might increase his awareness of Mr. Scott's hostility. Because of his many interests, and his respect for almost all sentient life, Mr. Spock undoubtedly has trouble accepting Scott's "illogical" narrow-mindedness and bigotry.

For Mr. Scott, you'd best be Scottish. And if you're not Scottish, at least be Terran. If you're not Terran, then you'd better be a beautiful girl.

When we reached this point in our analysis, a new factor presented itself. It seemed to us that Mr. Spock was not the only crewmember who displayed a somewhat negative attitude towards Mr. Scott. Scott doesn't appear to have close personal ties with anyone - neither with the higher officers nor with the lower ones. Such relationships do exist on the bridge. Chekov and Sulu are close friends; Sulu knew that Chekov had no brother. None of Scott's subordinates seem to have any special relationship with him either.

Mr. Scott's lack of close personal relationships is more obvious in relation to Spock than to other personnel. Perhaps this is because Spock has fewer levels of social interaction than, say, the Captain. With Spock, there are friends, such as the Captain and Doctor McCoy, fellow-workers, and acquaintances. There is no room for in-betweens. Spock appears to have no level equivalent to Kirk's attitude toward Mr. Scott, which we feel can be defined as a let's-go-bowling-and-have-a-bottle-of-beer friendship. This may just be official etiquette. It goes with the uniform. But Kirk doesn't confide in Scott, and, for that matter, neither does McCoy. Instead, they and Spock seek each other's company. Mr. Scott is not a part of the group.

Further discussion of this interesting pattern of interaction (or perhaps we ought to say non-interaction) provoked a number of thoughts on the matter. We felt that there might be two possible reasons for Mr. Scott's apparent lack of connection with his shipmates.

As discussed above, Mr. Scott has no interests outside his work and his nationalism. He seems to treat people, even the women he socializes with, as objects. For example, consider his recent involvement with Mira, a crewmember. Mr. Scott seemed to notice the young lady only for her body. Indeed, Mr. Sulu commented at the time that he doubted whether Mr. Scott had yet noticed that Mira had a brain, in reply to Mr. Chekov's expression of suprise that Mr. Scott should go for "the brainy type." Scott seems to be basically a super-

ficial man, whose life is tied up with machines, rather than with people.

Scott's loyalty belongs essentially to the ship's engines. When, during leave on Space Station K-7, a pair of Klingons insulted Kirk, Scott stopped Chekov from defending the Captain's honor. When they insulted the ship, however, Scott rose in defense.

The Captain appeared suprised to learn what motivated Mr. Scott to violence. Kirk had thought that Mr. Scott was defending his honor, rather than the ship's. No doubt part of the Captain's reaction was amusement. However, part of it was due to his unfamiliarity with his own officer. Kirk doesn't know Mr. Scott well enough to predict accurately which buttons will turn him on.

Perhaps it is Mr. Scott's own lack of interest, and his shallowness, that causes, or results in, his shipmates' failure to respond to him.

We were led to consider a last significant factor in the pattern.

Star Fleet plays an important role to the Enterprise's major bridge personnel. For them, the Service is more than just a job. It is a career; it is a way of life; it is a home. Mr. Sulu and Mr. Chekov are clearly destined to spend their lives in the Fleet; this is their chosen career. They may marry officers, if they marry at all. Although we accept the fact that Lieutenant Uhura may leave the Service when she marries, it is presently her career. Uhura might remain in Star Fleet after marriage anyway. If she stayed planet-side, she could easily combine career and family, as many other female officers have done. Doctor McCoy left what we assume was a satisfactory job as a surgeon, and came to Star Fleet. Aside from his daughter, he seems to have no one. For him, the Service is both a career and a way of life. Mr. Spock, who has turned away from his own planet and people, and seems not to belong in his own culture, has carved a special place for himself in the Service. To him, Star Fleet is home; he has no other. As for our Captain...it is impossible to imagine him in any other position or capacity. Without his ship, his command, his personnel, he would be lost (almost nothing, if one can ever use that word to describe Captain James T. Kirk.)

To all of these people, the Enterprise is home, where they belong. Mr. Scott just works there.

He would be at home as long as he was working with engines. Almost any fine engines would do. He is fond of the Enterprise, but he's worked on other fine machines before, and could probably be just as happy running an engineering complex someplace else.

This analysis is the outcome of five hours of complex and intricate reasoning, discussion, and argument. We realize that we may have overlooked a number of significant factors. We also realize that a great many of the more subtle points have had to be eliminated, along with much interesting but extraneous material, in order to even approximate

the correct form and length for this paper. Considering the result, however, we feel that our first "intuitive" response, our recognition of mutual antagonism and dislike between two senior officers, is accurate, and presents a true picture of the inter-personal relationship we set out to examine.

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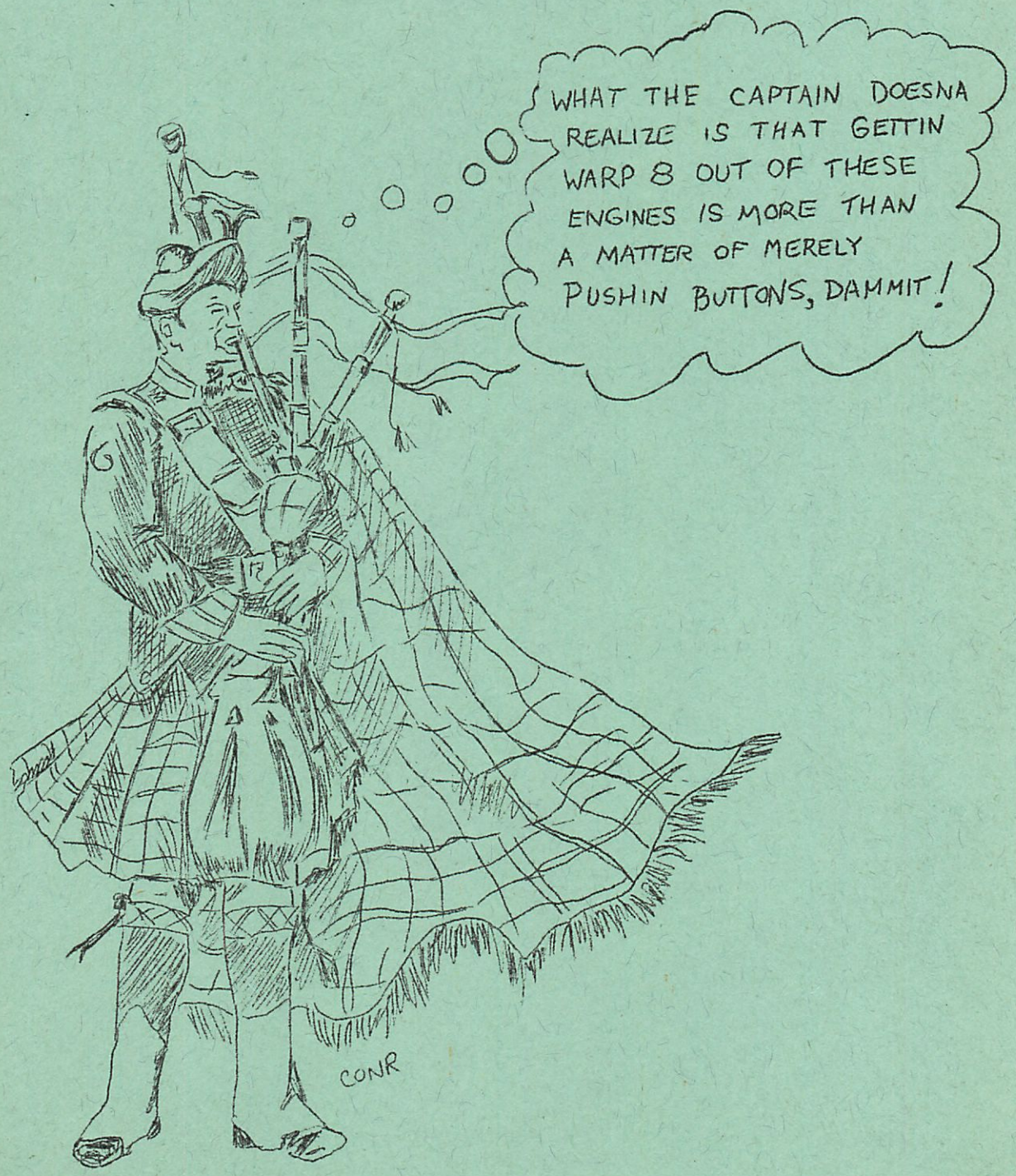
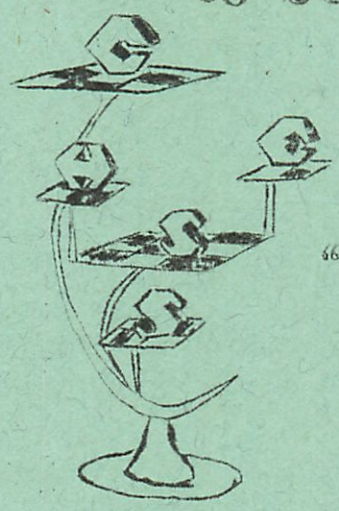
(1) "Day of the Dove"



STAR TREK-STAR TREK
DEA.

# How to beat a Vulcan at



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"Your illogical approach does have its advantages"

by Susan Kotar

When the Captain and Mr. Spock play chess, Kirk usually wins. Contrary to published opinion, I do not feel that this is because Spock has, in essence, "maneuvered the game so that Kirk wins."

Spock may have a superior memory, the better power of visualization, and the ability to remain calmer than a human, which are all factors in his favor, but when taking these into account, the Captain's assets must not be overlooked. Jim Kirk has the desire to win and the gift of strategy. He is an excellent tactician, as he has demonstrated by defeating a Romulan captain, offshoot of the Vulcan blood. (1) Also, on many occasions he has proven his ability to out-think Spock, particularly in the Enterprise's first encounter with Balok's ship (2) when the Vulcan admitted his personal lack of a solution to the situation they faced.

Jim Kirk is a commanding officer because he can face both the rational and irrational, act as both soldier and diplomat. One reason Spock isn't leader of the Enterprise is the fact that he can't handle all the situations that occur. Perhaps that's why he is fallible in chess, too. Kirk is in the position to make moves the Vulcan can't anticipate, not because the Captain is more intelligent, but because it is easier for him to see both the accepted moves and the more controversial ones. He'll take the risk, play the bluff his partner wouldn't.

Considering this, and the two men involved, I don't feel that Spock, even if given the opportunity, would throw the match to Kirk. If Spock intended to lose the game, there would be no sense in starting the game at all, particularly if Kirk was in a "good moood" and didn't need the "psychological boost" such a win could result in.

Intentional loss of the game would, in itself, be an outright lie, which, although possible in a Vulcan, is rather unlikely. These actions, if true, could also have a reverse effect from the one expected. The Captain is no one's fool, and if he detected Spock's intentions, it could ruin the special bond that exists between them. Kirk does not like to be looked down upon, which would be, in essence, what the First Officer was doing. It would appear that Spock felt so superior that he considered the game nothing more than a duty, to humor the Captain. Jim Kirk doesn't like to lose anything, but he enjoys a good fight, and would rather lose honestly, than win by concession or deceit.

The idea that the half-Vulcan "allows Kirk to believe that his 'illogical' style of play has triumphed over Spock's logic" is doubtful, and is a far-fetched attempt to make him something he isn't.

Chess is a war game, a challenge, and Kirk is as capable of playing and winning at it as he is of commanding the Star Ship Enterprise.

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(1) "Balance of Terror"
(2) " Corbomite Maneuver"

A VULCAN COMPROMISE

by

Suzanne Laychock

From Vulcan came you seeking peace,
your mind embattled, torn and pained
with human impulses restrained.
Accept your make-up, be at peace,
the smile that shadows 'cross your lips,
complements Vulcan ancestorship.

SOMETIMES I THINK YOU THINK I'M AN INFERIOR... MR. SPOCK?..
VAUGHN BODE

# Family Affair

by Devra Michele Langsam

This is for Debbie and Jennifer

"Lieutenant Tara Cochrane, Cadets Cork and Saurn, to Briefing Room Three."

Tara sighed and flicked off the viewscreen. "I can't imagine how you'll pass your competence, Cork, if you don't work harder."

"Luck?" Cork suggested.

Tara half-smiled, but shook her head. "You could be an exceptional archeologist, if you'd only record your data more carefully. You can't expect to lean on Saurn for the rest of your life. The purpose of Cadet Training is to produce competent researchers, not genial dilettantes with 'intuitions.' As it is, you'd be a liability on a real dig, without someone to nursemaid for you."

"Lieutenant, you just don't like me." Cork assumed a wounded look that clashed with his wicked eyes. "Is it because I don't have a beautiful soul, like Saurn?"

Saurn raised an eyebrow. "The Lieutenant appreciates my ability; she is uninterested in my personality."

"That's quite enough debate on this topic, gentlemen."

Ignoring her, Cork retorted, "Phooey. She just hates

me - a natural antipathy towards men."

"Mr. Cork, you are speculating on faulty data again, and your conclusions are invalid," Tara said crisply.

Saurn broke in, "Weren't we to report to Briefing Room Three, Lieutenant?"

The Briefing Room was almost filled. There was a swarm of teenagers - a dozen or perhaps more - and most of the ship's archeology staff, in addition to the Top Brass. Commodore Ling Ti said, "Our sluggards, at last. Take your seats, please, everyone."

Tara kept her face blank, and sat down next to Saurn.

"On behalf of the Space Service, I wish to welcome all of you students. I hope that you will find your voyage informative and interesting, and that many of you will return to us as full fledged Cadets when you've completed your secondary training.

"We have arranged a schedule of training sessions and films for the fifteen days it will take us to reach the planet Angros, where you'll be joining the archeological field unit. The first film will be shown tonight at 1900 hours."

Someone groaned.

Ignoring him, Commodore Ling continued, "Each of you will be under the supervision of an officer or Cadet during orientation. You will be responsible to this officer or Cadet, and all problems or difficulties are to be reported to him.

"There will be a general tour of the ship at the conclusion of this briefing. Your supervisors will guide you until you are familiar with the ship."

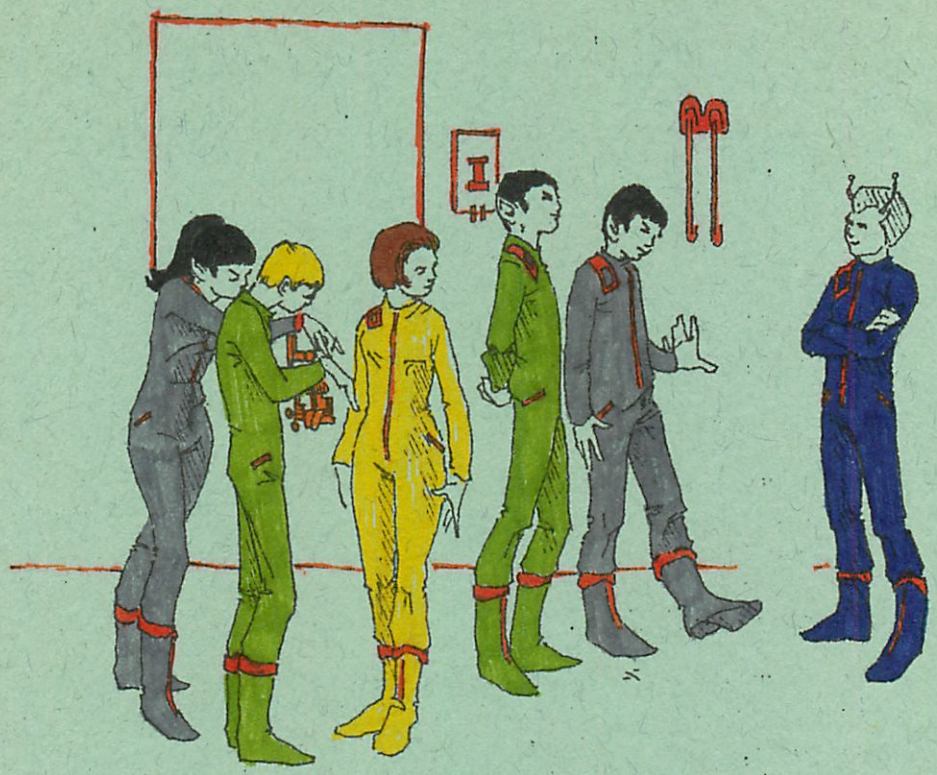
"Blasted kids," whispered Cork. "We're not going to get anything done; they'll keep getting lost, and we'll have to find them."

"Considering your general unreliability," Tara replied, "I fully anticipate taking charge of three trainees, instead of one."

"Only two; I do not shirk my duties, Lieutenant."

Tara sighed. "Excuse me, Mr. Saurn, of course not."

"Watch out, your 'Vulcan' is showing," Cork said.



At the front of the room, the Commodore adjusted the set of his dress uniform. "Engineering and the Bridge are off-limits to all trainees, unless accompanied by an Officer or Cadet. In the event of an alert, trainees will!!!!"

Tara shifted her attention to the trainees. They were a mixed lot; the group included several different species. They shifted constantly and whispered together, but quieted suddenly as the Commodore finished his speech, and turned the meeting over to their Director.

"Commander Storm," Saurn said under his breath. "He is renowned as a teacher. They were fortunate that he was available when Commander White contracted frange fungus."

Cork sniped, "He is an expert in your field; you should know of him."

"I've heard of him," said Tara. She settled more deeply into her chair, frowning. Absently she noticed how thin he had become.

Commander Storm was tall, perhaps six foot eight, a considerable height even for a Vulcan. He waited a moment and

then began, "The purpose of this training session is two-fold. It will supply necessary labor to the expedition on Angros, and will also introduce you to a field of endeavour that will, we hope, eventually become a career for some of you. Even if working at the dig does not incline you towards a career in archeology, you will have given valuable service, and will have spent an instructional and interesting three months...."

Cork nudged her. "Wake up. It's time to claim our brats. Talk about my needing a nursemaid. This bunch is just past the baby-talk stage." He stopped as Commander Storm and a small trail of young ones approached them.

Tara ignored the Commander, looking instead at the trainees behind him. Storm raised an eyebrow, and spoke pointedly to her. "Lieutenant Cochrane, Sondt. Mr. Cork, Barbara. Mr. Saurn, Chen El." Then he walked on.

After an uncomfortable moment, the fair-haired Terran girl broke the silence. "I'm Chen El. This is Barbara, and that's Sondt. He's the baby of our group. Of course his father, Commander Storm, is Director, so...."

"I am more than eleven Standard Years of age, and as efficient as you are," the boy replied.

Saurn raised an eyebrow. "Perhaps you would prefer that I be in charge of Sondt, Lieutenant?"

"I'm well trained in the art of handling Vulcans, thank you."

Cork grinned. "Score one for the Lieutenant."

Saurn shrugged, as they joined the others for the tour.

After an exhaustive tour, the officers herded their trainees to the sleeping quarters. Cork hailed Tara as she and Sondt rounded a corner.

"Have any trouble, Lieutenant? I nearly lost this one when she back-tracked to Analysis. Everyone else moves forward, and she goes backward." Cork pointed at Barbara accusingly. "Hey, you; suppose I'd left you there. You'd have starved to death before you found your way out."

Barbara grinned shyly. "Chen El would have found me; she's a locator."

"Oh? Really? Can she find a tape I misplaced last week?"

"You did not misplace it, Mr. Cork; you never recorded

it," Tara said firmly. She glared at him. "I am going to check Sondt's quarters, and see that everything is working properly. I'd suggest that you make a similar check.

"When you've finished, please wait for me in the corridor; I want to discuss the rest of that instruction tape with you." She thumbed the door release and followed Sondt.

Once inside Sondt's quarters, Tara put her hands on the boy's shoulders. "I've missed you so much, my little monster!" She hugged him.

"My father does not approve of such behavior. It is un-Vulcan."

She released him, ruffling his hair as she did so. Sondt smoothed his hair into place fiercely.

Tara grinned. "Aren't you going to say that I'm illogical?"

"There is no need to state so obvious a fact."

"We Terrans are, you know. Very sad...unfortunate...a trial to all who Know What Is Correct. And MOST unreliable, so I'm told." Tara gave him a bland look, and waved her hand at the light controls. Obediently, the lights faded and rose again.

"And I suppose that <u>you</u> would not know about Terrans, and their illogical tendencies?" Sondt fixed Tara with a disapproving stare.

"How could I?" She disappeared into the toilet cubicle to check out the sanitary facilities. She shouted back, "I'm

a Klingon myself."

"I do not see your moustache," Sondt said.

"Sondt, you know that females don't have moustaches." Tara emerged, chuckling.

"I have never completely understood your humor." Sondt watched as she adjusted the room temperature, and checked the computer console.

"Well, I guess everything's semi-functional, anyway. How do you like the school?" Tara asked finally, as she shut off the computer.

Sondt considered her question. "The work is interesting and the facilities are excellent." He paused for a moment. "I understand that you could not take me with you; that is why you placed me in the school. I do not understand why the situation arose initially. I do not approve."

She made a face at him. "Why do you not approve, revered and wise one?"

"I see my father every weekend, and at vacation time, but I have not seen you for two years."

"I've sent you message tapes every week."

"I find that an inadequate substitute. I have missed you. Why don't you live with my father any more?"

"I had a fight - no, a disagreement - with him, about the Vegan relics. And - we just don't want to be together. It happens."

The boy made a disbelieving noise. "You have disagreed on the interpretation of data before this, and not felt it necessary to separate."

"Well, actually, there were other factors involved," Tara said evasively.

"What were they?"

"Nothing that you would understand. I don't wish to discuss it with you."

"Your reaction is similar to my father's; he also is sensitive about this subject."

"Is he?" asked Tara, in doubtful tones.

Sondt nodded. "He will not permit me to discuss it with him, but he is always restless the day before your tape comes, and he always manages to find out what you've written without actually asking me directly. Just as you do."

"I am not interested in your father."

"From your message tapes, I would have thought...."

"That's enough, Sondt."

He gave her a sharp inquiring look, but said, "As you direct, Mother." After a moment of silence, he continued formally, "I am pleased that you will be working at the Angros excavation; I will be able to see you frequently. That will be good." Then he scowled. "You promised to visit me."

"I couldn't, Sandy. I was too far away on my last leave, and the time before that, too. I've got to go now. I'll talk to you when we eat, all right?" As the door opened, Tara added, "We'll see each other a lot during the trip. Promise."

"You promised that when you left. You are not very reliable."

Saurn and Cork stood together in the corridor. Cork laughed. "She's always telling me that. But we'll make sure she keeps her word, won't we, Saurn?"

Saurn nodded.

The door closed behind her as Cork added, "I didn't know you liked them so young, Lieutenant. No wonder the officers have trouble attracting your...."

"That's enough, Mister!" she snapped.

Cork and Saurn exchanged looks and fell into step behind her, as she hurried down the corridor.

Tara avoided Commander Storm for the next two days, primarily by working overtime with Cork, who complained bitterly about it. However, on the third day of the trip, Storm walked up to her as she was about to leave mess.

"Lieutenant," he said quietly, "I would like to speak to you."

"If you wish to give me instructions about my tentative assignment to the Angros dig, kindly do so in writing and through the proper channels. I can think of no other topic we need to discuss. And now, you will please excuse me; I

must conduct an instruction period in seven minutes. My time is valuable." She pushed past him. His hand touched hers as she walked by.

In an instruction room two corridors down, Cork voice-recorded a last note, and shut off the computer. Absently he brushed his blond hair into place with one hand. "Fifteen days with that kindergarten underfoot....this is god-awful. How the hell does their Director stand them?"

"He is a Vulcan," Saurn answered.

"So what?"

"Vulcans are trained to endure discomfort, even that occasioned by the custody of thirteen adolescents."

"You have a strange sense of humor, Mr. Ears," Cork said. "Why couldn't the University hire their own damn transport instead of mooching off us?"

"Star Fleet has always desired to foster favorable public relations, and to promote general goodwill."

Cork looked at Saurn suspiciously. "Sure, and 'to provide for the general defense and secure interstellar commerce....'"

"You seem to have overlooked the recruitment possibilities."

"Ah."

Saurn nodded. "It is well worth the expense and inconvenience."

"It's all just an attempt to brainwash the little idiots into joining Fleet rather than going off to some University or private corporation. It's low-grade propaganda."

"If one ignores the blatantly weighted catch-words, that

is essentially accurate."

"My brilliant intuitive mind at work, as usual. Hey, Cochrane's late again; wonder where she is."

"Here is the Lieutenant now." Saurn eyed her sharply. "You appear flushed; do you feel ill, Lieutenant?"

"No," Tara replied shortly. "Here is my critique of your report, Mr. Cork."

"My, you have hot hands," Cork said, as he took the wafer. "Are you a secret Vulcan?"

"I do not consider that amusing. Kindly keep your attention on your work."

"Yes, sir," said Cork.

Saurn considered Tara for a minute, but decided against comment, and they began the instruction session.

A few days later, Tara asked for a change of assignment.

"I know that I requested the detached service, Commodore Ling, but I still want to be relieved of it."

"I'm afraid that's not possible, Lieutenant Cochrane. As you must know, we are rather short of instructors at the moment and...." He paused in his restless walking and stared over her shoulder. He was too close.

"There's Lieutenant Swforza, sir. She is extremely competent, and I could handle her shipboard duties easily. Also, she has expressed interest in the expedition."

"Ah, yes, Miss Swforza." Ling began to pace again, this time pausing behind Tara. "Of course, her position includes private secretarial duties for me, as well as her other work."

"Yes, sir." Her shoulders tensed as Ling slid his arm around her.

"Miss Swforza's work is extremely important. I couldn't even consider releasing her for planet-side duty unless I knew that I could find someone to perform the work she does."

"I'm afraid, sir, that my training did not include preparation for jobs of that nature."

"You worry about your competence too much, Lieutenant."

I'm sure that I could teach you anything you needed to know."

"I'm not interested in that kind of job, Commodore."

"Think it over. I'm afraid that, otherwise, I'll be unable to help you. Co-operation is a very important factor in a crewmember's personality."

"I am sure that I do my job, sir, and maintain a suitable attitude towards my shipmates."

With a sigh, he walked away from her. "I won't hold you to your decision now, Lieutenant. I'll speak to you about this again. I am very generous towards my special personnel, you know."

"Yes, sir. If you will excuse me, sir."

At his curt nod, she turned and left the room.

Tara kept her part in the trainees' preparation as small as possible. Fortunately, most of their instruction was taped, and she had the further excuse of pressing work with her cadets.

Nonetheless, as a supervisory member of the training

group, Tara could not avoid Commander Storm. He seemed to have an inexhaustible supply of memos concerning the dig, but never delivered more than one at a time. As a result, his lightning appearances, first in her quarters, then in the archeology labs, where she'd taken refuge, occurred almost every half hour.

When Tara played chess with Sondt in the evenings, or sat and talked to him, Storm was always somewhere nearby; unobtrusive, but present.

After three or four days had passed in this uncomfortable fashion, Tara took action. She found Storm in one of the restoration rooms, mending a transparent vase.

"Commander Storm, I would appreciate it if you would stop bothering me."

"I beg your pardon?" He put the fragile shard down on a tray and cocked his head inquiringly.

"For the past week you have...you've been...oh, shit!"

Storm fastened a cover onto the tray and swung around to face her. "I do not understand how I can have upset you, Lieutenant."

"Upset! You didn't <u>upset</u> me, but you've tried hard enough."

Storm pushed back his chair and stood up. "In what way have I tried to upset you, if I may ask?"

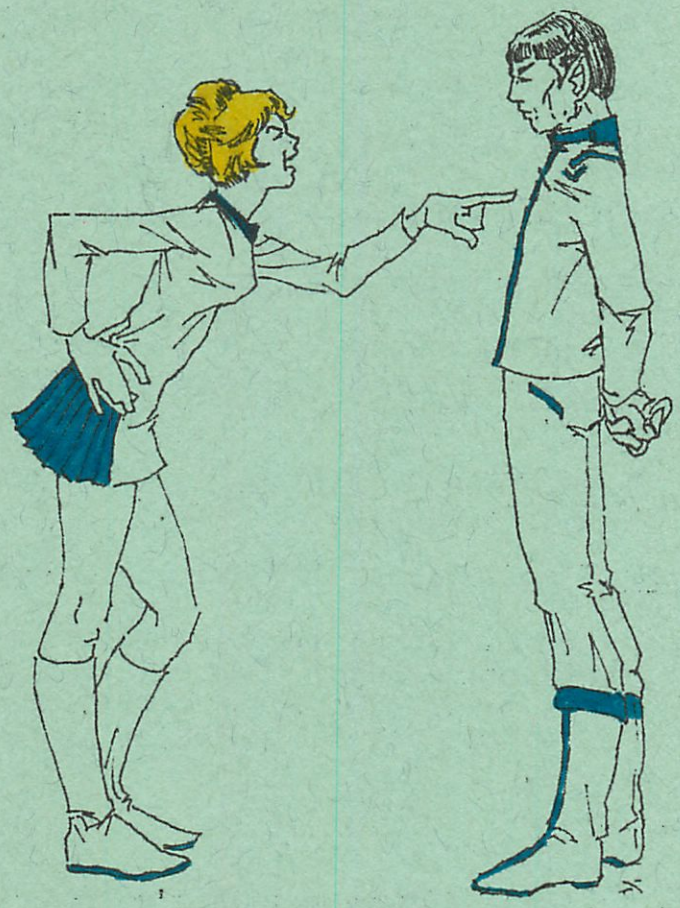
Tara glared up at him. "You merely are pestering me to death with memos, and notices, and requests for information."

"These are necessary for the smooth functioning of the training expedition." Storm reached over to a rack of tools as he continued, "All the previous digs you have worked on made exactly the same kind of routine preparations in advance."

"That's a lot of crap."

Storm turned abruptly, a tool still in his hand. Tara continued furiously, "You just keep inventing them to annoy me, because I'm right about those Vegan artifacts, and you're wrong, but you won't admit it, so you harrass me."

Storm meticulously replaced the tool and selected another, which he placed on the worktable before he replied, "The data are insufficient to determine whether your theories are accurate." He took a step toward her and said, "I sug-



gest that you lower your voice; the door is open, and you are calling attention to yourself."

"Who the hell cares! If you weren't so goddamn pig-headed, you'd admit that I'm right."

"I contend that your theories are inadequately supported, and must remain merely on the intuitive, rather than the verifiable, level."

"Intuitive my ass. I used legitimate archeological techniques, and you damn well know it," Tara said. "I wish you'd take your damned Vegan artifacts and stick them in your ear. And if you come any closer to me, you hunk of chlorophylloid gop, I'll smash you one."

"Lieutenant, are you threatening to strike an officer?"

Chief Archeologist Grahame stood in the doorway, bristling. "Surely you are aware of the courtesy due to your superiors."

"Commander, I had no intention of assaulting...."

"I'm not interested in listening to any excuses," she interrupted. "Your training as a specialist does not release you from the discipline of this Service.

"Your behaviour was disgraceful, Lieutenant."

Tara gritted her teeth and submitted to a thorough tongue-lashing, conducted within the hearing of half a dozen curious auditors, who appeared in the doorway behind Miss Grahame. Storm himself, apparently considering the interview over, returned to his task. Afterwards, however, he came back to Tara.

"If you would care to continue our discussion, Lieutenant, my quarters would give us more privacy."

"Srrdardka," said Tara. "Go eat your grandmother."

At the same hour, two days later, Tara's students waited for her in an instruction room. Cork settled into one of the chairs and propped his elbows on the table, then stood up again. Saurn looked up from the console, his mind still on the tape before him.

"You said?"

"I said, 'I can't figure out what's wrong with her.'"

"In what respect?"

"She snaps at us all the time. And she threatened to put me on report for insolence."

"Your remarks were un-called-for," Saurn agreed. "It is not your responsibility to comment on her efficiency."

"Mmmm," said Cork. "Maybe the brats make her nervous. Those kids are all over everything. Here's one now. Hello, kid."

"Mr. Cork, Commander Storm sends this quarters assignment memo to Lieutenant Cochrane."

"Okay; we'll see she gets it. Wait, kid. You're not permitted to wander around by yourself; where're you off to? Shouldn't you be in a class?"

"I am going to the chess tournament. I am in the finals."

Sondt flashed a triumphant look at Cork, and left.

"Modest, you Vulcans," said Cork. "That one is a proper monster, Vulcan restraint and all."

"He is part Terran."

"Oh?"

"Commander Storm married a Terran woman...."

"Gentlemen." Tara fairly snarled at them as she entered. "You will no doubt be delighted to hear that I am confirmed in my detached duty for the next three months."

"I understood that you had requested this assignment, Lieutenant."

"I also asked to have my assignment changed, Mr. Saurn, but the Commodore could not find anyone to take my place."

"That kid Sondt left a memo for you a while ago," Cork said, trying to avert trouble. "Here it is."

Tara slipped the wafer into the computer console. "Readout."

"Commander Storm, to Lieutenant Tara Cochrane, official communication. Because of the shortage of single quarters, you have been assigned to Section K-2," Storm's voice said. "There are no other facilities available."

"Stop." Tara pulled out the wafer and punched a combination on the computer.

"Working," it acknowledged.

"What are the facilities available in the Angros dig, Section K-2?"

"Senior archeologist's quarters. Consisting of one unit, two independent sleeping rooms, shared bathing facilities...."

"Stop." She replaced the wafer and ran it over again. After a pause, it continued, "T'ara, of course there are separate sleeping quarters. If you do not wish to associate with me, I will not force...."

"Stop!" She took the wafer out and dropped it into her belt pouch.

"All right, gentlemen, you are dismissed."

"Dismissed? But what about the review on integrative analysis?"

"You heard me, Mr. Cork. Dismissed." And Tara turned and stamped out into the corridor, towards the quarters of Commander Storm.

"Why did you put a message like that onto an official communication?" Tara demanded angrily.

"If you had any patience, you would have waited to play it in private." Storm sobered. "It is as I said. You will have all the privacy you desire . I am not trying to coerce you - merely to be with you, and perhaps persuade you. But force - no."

"Oh, of course not."

"There are no other quarters available less than three kilometers distant, and the rooms can be closed off into separate units."

"Naturally. It was just the way you phrased it; the whole thing was a joke on me, a very effective joke."

"Vulcans do not joke."

"No, never. That's the first entry in the Complete Book of Vulcan Humor; 'Vulcans never tell jokes.' Very funny."

"That is a matter of opinion."

"Okay, here's another opinion. You're a rat."

"T'ara, I will admit that my communique was a trifle unusual...."

"Unusual? Oh, no, not unusual; that's nothing compared with the

Commodore's subtle invitations. Between the two of you, you've got the whole ship talking about me. Star Fleet is generous; I have a choice; you or Ling Ti." She turned away.

He scowled. "It is unnecessary for you to accept Commodore Ling's attentions in order to ward me off. Are you so eager to avoid all contact with me that you would become his lover? Or do you find Commodore Ling attractive?"

Tara swung toward Storm and gave him a peculiar look. "Attractive? He's like an octopus. But what of you? Your weaknesses multiply, Vulcan...first, a sense of humor, now, jealousy."

His eyebrows shot up. "Your behavior is of course your own business."

"You don't really believe that."

"Naturally, I am concerned."

"Pfft."

"Are you not concerned with my actions these past two years? I find that most interesting."

"Your actions?" Unconsciously, Tara tossed her head. "You never...I don't believe you....Who was it?"

"T'ara, this reaction surprises me; you object to my curiosity, and yet you display it vividly yourself."

The door buzzed before she could answer adequately.

"Come in."

Commodore Ling walked in and then stopped. "I didn't expect to find you here, Lieutenant."

"She wished to speak to me on a technical matter."

"Since you're here, Lieutenant," Ling said, "have you made your mind up?"

"About what, sir?" Tara found herself edging away from him.

"Ah...concerning the cancellation of your period of detached duty, Lieutenant," the Commodore said. "Would you find the alternative assignment satisfactory?"

"I'm afraid not, Commodore."

"Oh? Well, that's too bad." Ling eyed Tara slowly. "Perhaps you'll reconsider. I would have enjoyed working with you."

"I am afraid that Lieutenant Cochrane is indispensible to me on the dig," Storm interrupted. "I cannot spare her."

"There are several other people on this ship capable of handling that job, Commander," Ling returned.

"No one but Lieutenant Cochrane will be satisfactory for my needs."

"You need me?" Tara stared at him. "Are you...." She hesitated.

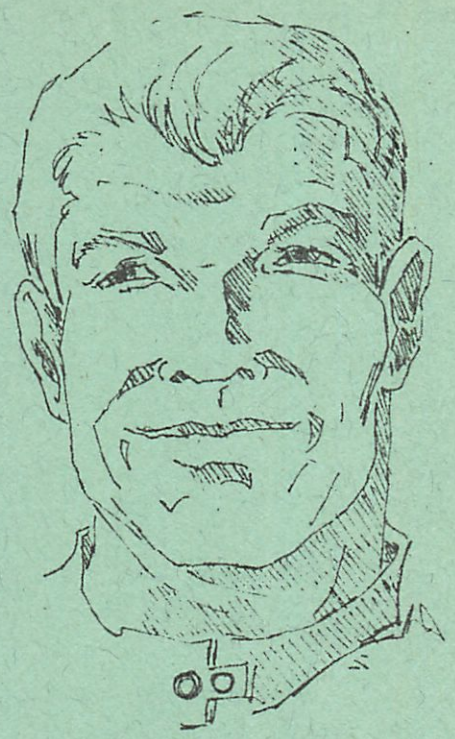
"I am well." Storm appeared faintly amused.

"Then you <u>don't</u> need me. Look, Storm, maybe we'd better settle this now. We tried once, and it didn't work. Why should we get messed up again? I can't go for twenty years only on the honor of being chosen. I want to be needed, and you don't need me."

"No, but I desire you."

"You what?" Ling demanded.

"My statement was quite clear. I desire her."



Tara scarcely heard him. Storm had never revealed so much of himself to a stranger before. To admit his affection for her publicly .... He had left himself completely vulnerable.

And Ling, the bastard....

"My, my. And you a Vulcan....will wonders never cease?" Ling said.

"Commodore Ling," said Tara, "go stuff...."

"T'ara, stop." Storm's fingers pressed down hard against her wrist, forcing her clenched fist to her side. She took a deep breath and clamped her mouth shut. Storm's fingers curved protectively around Tara's hand as he said, "This is a private matter, Commodore. I intend no insult to you, but the matter does not come under your jurisdiction."

"It's on my ship, and involves one of my officers."

"Lieutenant Cochrane is now officially under my command, Commodore," Storm replied.

Tara suddenly became aware of Storm's fingers, still resting lightly on the back of her hand. The hot dryness of his fingers awakened memories of hot skin against her thighs. Vaguely, she heard Ling's voice. She recognised the light touch of Storm's mind. Storm looked down at her with a pleased but matter-of-fact expression.

Tara blushed, her entire body becoming hot. She jerked her wrist free, and walked away from Storm. He swayed infinitesmally to one side, then straightened with an almost audible snap.

"Wouldn't you call that illogical, Commander?" Ling asked. His eyes glittered unpleasantly. "Miss Cochrane has gotten something of a name for herself on this ship; she does not care for men. Your choice, Commander, seems a trifle... shall we say inappropriate?"

"Even Terrans do not like each other indiscriminately. T'ara merely has higher standards than most. In any case, her opinions concerning human men are quite irrelevant, since I am Vulcan. Further, I see nothing illogical in desiring my wife. T'ara?"

"Just because you flatter me doesn't mean that you're right, or that I agree with you."

Storm held out his hand to her, two fingers extended. "Flattery is illogical, T'ara."

She snorted, but walked over to him. As she placed her fingers on his, she said, "I have not given up my opinion on those artifacts."

"Of course not, my wife," Storm agreed, and smiled. "You may even be correct."

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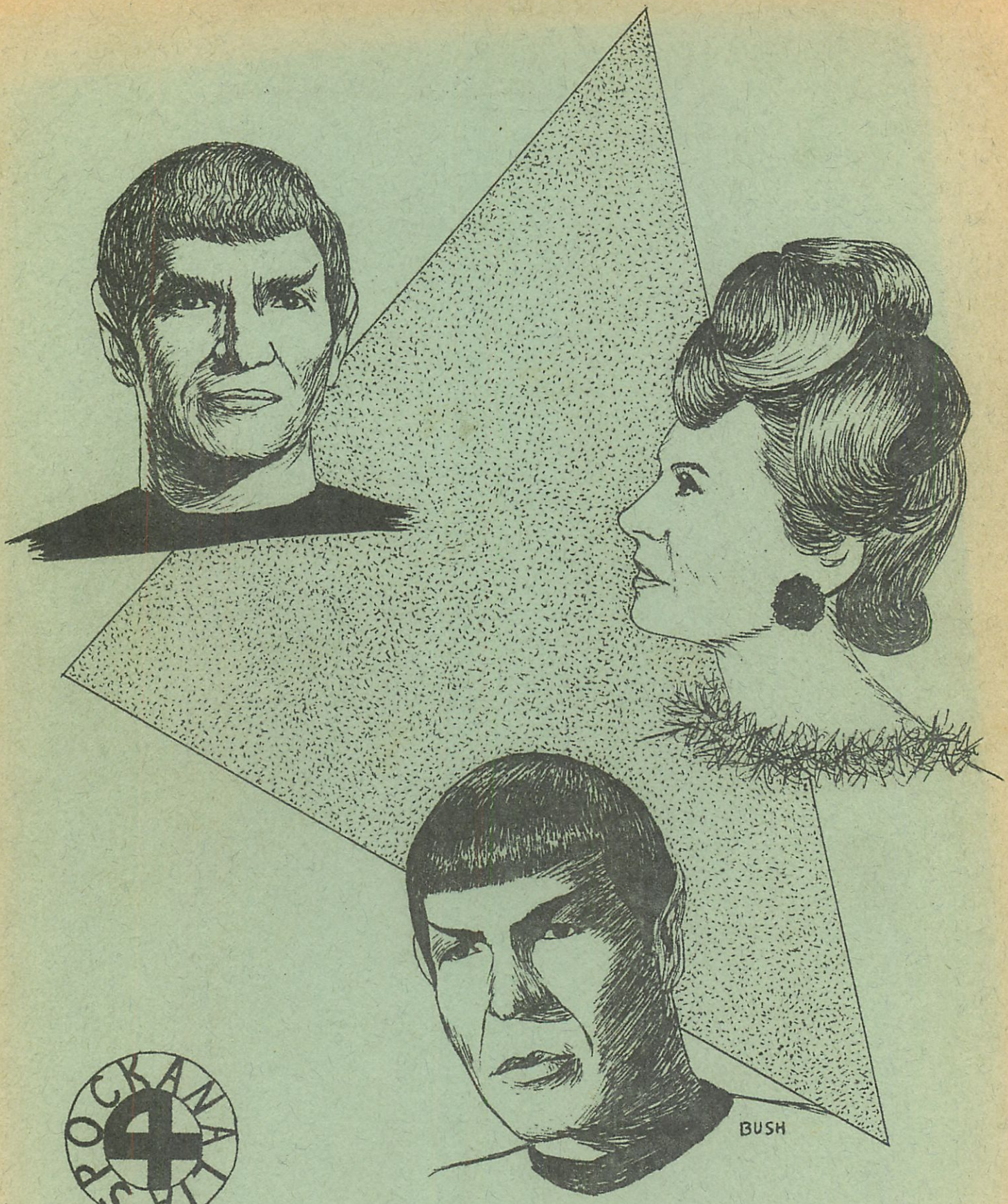


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